

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 19, 1972

TIME

A person is shown from the chest up, wearing a black hood that covers their head and face. The hood is decorated with a complex pattern of red string or thread, forming a mask-like design with eyes, a nose, and a mouth. The person's eyes are visible through the hood's openings. The background is a solid, vibrant red. The entire image is framed by a thin white border.

THE OCCULT REVIVAL

**Satan
Returns**

Never a rough puff



Come all the way up to KOOL

Never a rough puff. Not with the taste of extra coolness in Kools. And now, for more smooth sailing, we're offering you the world's most popular sailboat, the Sea Snark. Ordinarily you'd pay about \$120 for this portable, unsinkable eleven-foot sailboat. But you can get it from Kool for only \$88 (delivered) and one Kool carton end flap (BankAmericard or Master Charge acceptable). So get Kool and stay cool, with the Sea Snark, and the only cigarette with the taste of extra coolness. Kool.

COOL OFFER!

Special bargain price covers delivery of a complete sailboat (pictured at right), including thirty-pound molded polystyrene hull, aluminum mast and spars, forty-five square-foot nylon sail, fittings, lines, rudder, centerboard and sailing instruction booklet.

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. This offer expires 12/31/72, is limited to U.S.A., and is open only to those 21 years of age or over.

Make certified check or money order payable to: Kool Boat Offer, Mail to Box 3000, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Please send me _____ SEA SNARK(S). For each boat I enclose a carton end flap from any size KOOL plus \$88. ☐ Certified check ☐ Money order ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

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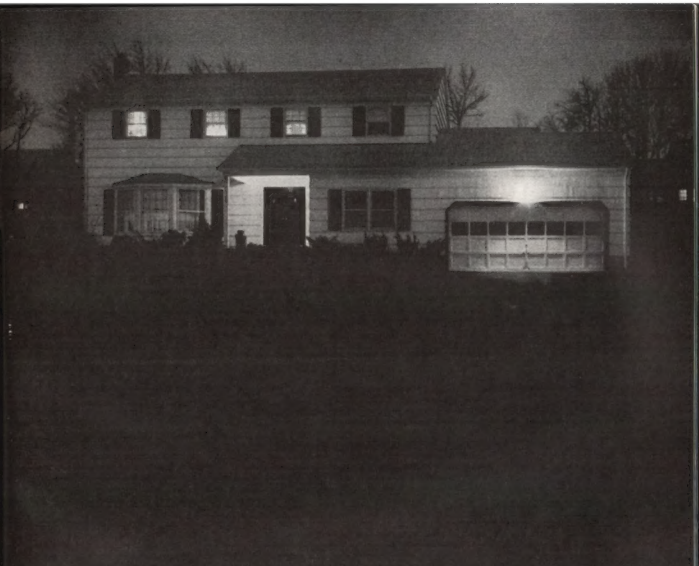
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71



A half hour ago the Coopers parked their car in front of the house for the night.

They don't know it yet, but their car has just become a statistic.

It's now one of the nearly one million cars stolen each year.

And if it isn't found promptly, the chances are good that it'll never be recovered.

Because car theft is now one of the biggest businesses around. And those who make a living at it are experts.

Professional thieves work with experienced mechanics, forgers, spotters and lookouts.

Between them they'll change the vehicle identification numbers on your car, provide it with forged registration papers and sell it as a legitimate piece of property.

Or they'll cut it up for parts and sell it piecemeal, often making an even bigger profit.

Unfortunately for the Coopers, the average professional thief steals mostly from wealthier suburban neighborhoods after dark.

And he takes more than half the cars he steals from right in front of the owner's home or driveway.

Obviously, had the Coopers known this, they would have parked their car in the garage.

But they didn't.

That's why your local Continental agent (you'll find him in the Yellow Pages) is now offering a free pamphlet on exactly this subject.

It's called: "What You Should Know About The Stolen Car Problem." If you'd like a copy, just drive over and ask him for one. While you still have a car.

Your Continental Insurance Agent
When you're with him, he's with you.

WHAT YOU SHOULD
KNOW
ABOUT THE STOLEN
CAR PROBLEM



A Letter From the Chairman of the Board



LUCE & DAVIDSON OUTSIDE TIME-LIFE BUILDING IN MANHATTAN

FOR nearly three years, this column has been the preserve of Henry Luce III, TIME's publisher. This week I am treading on his turf because we want to report some important new executive assignments—including Luce's. He is leaving the publisher's chair to become a member of Time Inc.'s management operations committee as vice president for corporate planning.

In that post he will help develop policies and projects for the future of all the company's divisions, in several of which he has served. The elder son of TIME's co-founder, Hank Luce was already a graduate of the wartime Navy, Yale, the staff of the first Hoover Commission and a police reporter's beat in Cleveland when he came to the magazine in 1951. He worked as a Washington correspondent and national affairs writer before he took on the job of supervising the planning and construction of our present headquarters, the Time-Life Building in Manhattan. He renewed his press card with a two-year tour as London bureau chief, then returned to the business side as publisher first of FORTUNE, then of TIME.

Luce's successor is his colleague Ralph P. Davidson, who has been associate publisher. A New Mexican, Davidson went from studying international affairs at Stanford to practicing them as a Marshall Plan worker in Europe, the Middle East and North Africa. I met him when I was LIFE's publisher and he was a new advertising salesman in 1954. My assistant, Ruth Fowler, sized him up and told me: "Keep an eye on Davidson. He'll be going places." I followed her advice, and he fulfilled her prediction. Beginning in 1957 he held a series of executive posts in Europe, then came to New York as managing director of TIME International. In 1969 he joined Luce in the publisher's office.

Moving to the post of associate publisher and director of advertising will be John A. Meyers, a native of Winnetka, Ill., who joined TIME as an advertising salesman in 1955. He has managed our Cleveland and Chicago sales offices and has served as New York director of sales and U.S. sales director. Since 1968 Meyers has been TIME's worldwide advertising-sales chief responsible for the magazine's 33 advertising offices round the globe.

Andrew Heiskell

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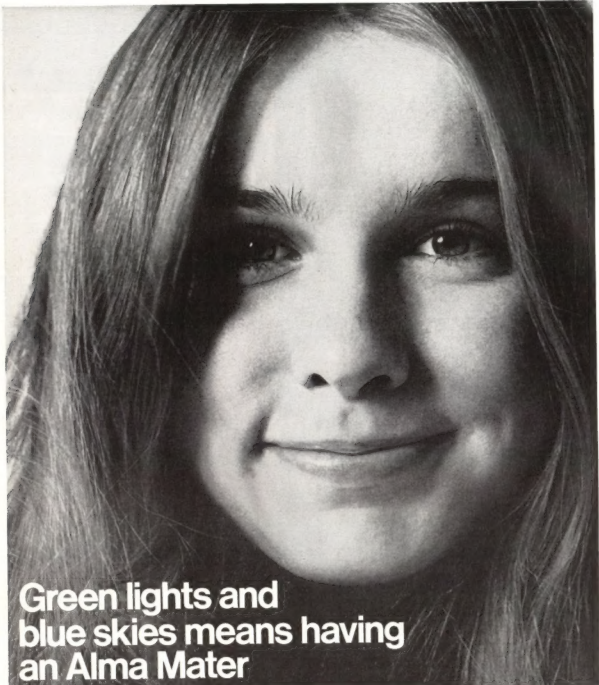
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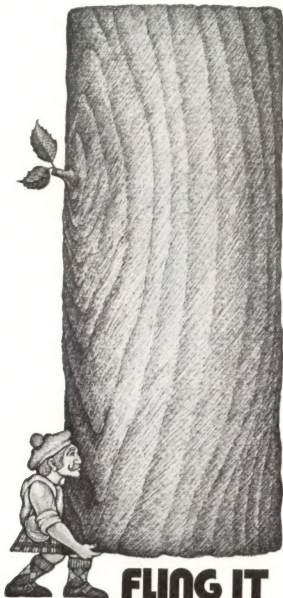


Green lights and blue skies means having an Alma Mater

For Karen it's four years at UCLA instead of beating the bushes for a low-paying job. Because years ago Karen's dad and his Farmers agent worked out a life insurance savings plan to provide for her education. Farmers is a company that specializes in finding new ways to help you live secure and drive secure—through life, home and auto insurance. At prices you can afford.



with good guys to look after you



At the Highland Games and Gathering of Scottish Clans, Grandfather Mountain, N.C., July 8 & 9. Piedmont Airlines can get you there; and most everywhere else in western North Carolina. Other excitement on the Piedmont system for July: the Virginia Beach Boardwalk Arts Show; the Carolinas Open Golf Tournament in Raleigh; the NASCAR Grand National Volunteer 500 in Bristol, Tenn., and the 47th Annual Wild Pony Round Up in Chincoteague, Virginia.

Don't suffer through another humdrum summer. Piedmont places are where it's at. And we can get you there on one of six low fare plans...or three package vacation plans. Fly off on a fling...to the Carolina highlands. The natives speak your language.



Look Where We're Going.

Fly Piedmont

LETTERS

Loser Be Damned

Sir / No, it is not that the entire country is uncontrollably violent; nor are we a hopelessly sick society. The problem is that we do not take care of the sick in our society.

If Arthur Bremer [May 29] had been recognized as an emotionally disturbed youth and properly rehabilitated, he might not have become our most recent assassin without a cause. His teacher graded him A for his graphic description of a young boy crying out for help; but most American school systems are not equipped to provide help to the troubled youngster.

It is the winner-take-all, loser-be-damned philosophy of life in America that shot Wallace.

(MRS.) NICOLE SIMON
Arlington, Mass.

Sir / Time's article "The Making of a Lonely Mist" loads both barrels and fires them at the Bremer family. Arthur Bremer, however, is just another American who never found the "promised land." For him, life in America is a "shabby, working-class corner of Milwaukee's South Side." If the Bremers were a "problem family," it was probably an outgrowth of pressures created by American class struggle. William Bremer should have been able to cry unashamedly years ago, and when he prays, he should pray that all "our sins" will be forgiven.

JEANIE SLATTON CRAIN
Lafayette, Ind.

Sir / Mr. Warner's observations in his Essay "Did America Shoot Wallace?" contribute to the publicity given to acts of violence, which serves to make such acts more appealing to attention-seeking egos.

Within seconds of a tragedy, the mass media rush to provide all the bloody details, all the comments of "experts" and bystanders on the "state of America today," and to point the finger of guilt at society.

There is much to criticize in America—and the mass media make sure we hear and see it all. But until the courts begin dealing out swift justice for all criminal acts and the mass media stop making heroes of these people, I don't see how we can make a blanket condemnation of the American public for the actions of these isolated egomaniacs.

ELLIE HASHMAN
Indianapolis

Conscious v. Subconscious

Sir / When I was 17, I became pregnant and subsequently underwent an expensive, emotionally upsetting, legal abortion. Three years later, Lawrence Downs and David Clayton [May 29] announce that my pregnancy was probably not accidental, but instead a "subconscious effort to cope with extreme emotional stress."

Poopycock! I'm thoroughly sick of men deciding that women become pregnant to play out their little games/neuroses, then commit the unpardonable sin of being aborted. I have worked with a pregnancy counseling service and my experience has been that a small percentage of unwanted pregnancies are indeed subconsciously wanted. The majority of women, myself included, are under exceptional emotional stress after conception, not before.

PATTI OSTERBERG
San Diego

Sir / How typical of men to look for woman's unconscious choices. Could it just possibly be that under extreme stress and anx-

**You work hard enough to grow it,
cutting it should be a breeze.**



International Harvester

There's a lot of pride
in owning a piece of land.


There's also a lot
of work.

Taking care of
things, making sure they
thrive. And the more you
care, the more you deserve
the power lawn and
garden equipment that
comes from International
Harvester. Big, strong,
reliable Cub Cadet®
tractors, riding mowers,
walk behind power
mowers.

Any one of them
gives you power to spare.
And time to match.



Any way you cut it.



Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.



20 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1972 Lorillard

Armco looked at legs.



And now it's paying off in rigs that walk the seas.

Legs on this jack-up drilling unit stand taller than a 30-story building and can lift a platform weighing 6900 tons. During a storm they might be called upon to support almost twice that weight.

When Armco engineers looked at big jacking systems they found a need for marked improvement. The system installed on the unit pictured is their answer: a design that makes jacking smooth, continuous and safer.

Jacks are only one Armco product on this platform. Others include special high-strength Armco Steel, drilling machinery, mooring equipment, even cranes. The unit is now drilling for oil and gas. Another example of the way Armco products are paying off today . . . for our customers and for you. Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices, Middletown, Ohio 45042.



LETTERS

ity the women sought warmth, love and release through sex and got pregnant because under stress they were not careful? And that this was a typical conscious choice that backfired when a biological accident took place?

MS. PAT WILSON

Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.

Sir / Your article "A Pregnant Choice" reminded me of a common experience that is noticed by woodmen: the sight of fatally damaged trees producing many times their normal crop of seeds in their last season.

Whether this phenomenon is triggered by fire or bulldozer, it is manifested in flower, fruit, cone or propagating root. But be it relatively mechanistic or biologically complex, it elicits the same response from man's subconscious—when threatened by disaster, life sees to its own perpetuity.

KARL STAUBACH
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

Sir / It's a very good sign that while the mentally healthy mothers were having children, the mentally unstable were having abortions. Good for the children.

JANE ENGLISH
Cambridge, Mass.

Education and Wages

Sir / The computation by Stanford's Henry Levin to show that lack of high school diplomas cost 3,000,000 American men \$237 billion in their working lifetime because of low wages [May 29] is the kind of dumb logic that has made our education system so ridiculously expensive.

A man might possibly improve his wages if he did not affect the average, but if all had gotten diplomas, it would only mean what it already means—employers would demand more education for exactly the same work at the same wages. The only

difference would be that more people would feel cheated because their diploma didn't mean anything much.

RICHARD A. DAVIS
Columbus

Sir / So Henry Levin has computed how much the American economy loses when students drop out before they finish high school?

That assumes of course that there would be jobs for them if they graduated. It's more likely that we would have the most educated unemployed of any country in the world.

DAVID LESTER, PH.D.
Pomona, N.J.

Proof Wanted

Sir / The encroachment of public schooling on the lives of American children has now been checked by the decision in the Supreme Court against compulsory schooling for Amish children [May 29].

The Amish believe that the schools are part and parcel of an inhuman competitive technological society, of which they will have no part.

I rejoice in the decision, for I feel that it could lead to significant change in the education establishment. I am hoping for a voucher system under which the schools must prove acceptable for doing what they claim they are doing, namely educating young people, or else children will not attend them.

CRAIG G. NEWBERGER
Meadowbrook, Pa.

Sir / In granting Amish children exemption from state-imposed schooling, the Supreme Court recognized the religious educational needs of an organized group.

A non-Amish with similar educational requirements backed by his own thoughtful reasons must still follow the public school route.

The opinions of organized religion override personal opinions. But who defends the person?

KARL DOERNER JR.
Houston

Resident Shareholders

Sir / Your recent feature article [May 15] on the Federal Government's approach to U.S. investment in Canada included a map pinpointing the major companies controlled by U.S. interests.

The map incorrectly listed British Columbia Forest Products Limited, which has 69% of its shareholders resident in Canada: they hold a majority of the common or equity shares of the company. Nine of the 14 directors also are Canadian.

IAN A. BARCLAY

President
British Columbia Forest Products Ltd.
Vancouver

Plot for More Stars

Sir / Reviewer Lance Morrow has made a valid and, unfortunately, true observation concerning Major Josiah Bunting, author of *The Lionheads* [May 29]. Morrow states that the novel has been "written by a career officer who in another time, another war, would be bending his disciplined mind toward winning his stars."

Regardless of the present circumstances, Major Bunting should still be trying to win his stars, for he is one of those Army officers who are obviously understanding of the morality of war in this age. Even if we

acknowledge the inevitability of war, human suffering should still not be accepted as a fact of life.

JAMES L. ADAMS
Indianapolis

Cultural Lag or Crime?

Sir / Your article on Jay Rockefeller [May 22] is just another in a seemingly endless series of condescending putdowns of West Virginia. It might surprise the rest of the country to know that not all travel is done via footbridge or on horseback in "poor farm and hill towns." There are railroad tracks, airports and paved roads.

Of course, the state has obvious problems, but so do all the other states. Maybe New York would like to trade two cups of organized crime for three cups of West Virginia's so-called cultural lag. Not all West Virginians make moonshine or exist in a shoeless, welfare-subsidized, illiterate "creek-bed hollow."

DIXIE G. GOEEN
Massillon, Ohio

No More Christmas

Sir / I have personally been a victim of the Worldwide Church of God's tactics [May 15]. It was a living nightmare for me and three teen-age children. No more pork, no more medicine, no more doctors, no more birthdays, no more Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, and on and on and on. Oh, I almost forgot—no more voting either.

Praise the Lord! Time is brave enough to publish information regarding a "stern, bizarre sect" that I consider to be a very real danger to society.

MARIAN S. MASSEY
Fort Worth

Sir / You would have done better had you got your information on the Worldwide Church of God from the literature we put out rather than from our enemies. Had you done so, you would know that we teach against cruelty to children as well as animals. Most people think nothing of going to war and killing, yet are appalled at the spanking of a child.

It takes time to unlearn all the errors we have always assumed were truth, so you find us in all stages of growth. With God's help we try to change and live as God commands us, while the world is on the downward trend, ordaining homosexuals.

MARY MIKOLAJZYK
Toledo

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Anyone who's old enough to smoke is old enough to make up his own mind.

By now, as an adult, you must have read and heard all that's been written and said for and against cigarettes. And come to your own conclusions.

If you don't smoke, we aren't likely to get you to start.

But if you like to smoke and have decided to continue smoking, we'd like to tell you a few facts about a cigarette you might like to continue with.

We refer, of course, to Vantage. Vantage gives you real flavor, like any high 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you ever smoked, without the high 'tar' and nicotine. And since it is the high 'tar' and nicotine that many critics of cigarettes seem most opposed to, even they should have some kind words for Vantage.

We don't want to mislead you. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. But it is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll enjoy smoking. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine.

With anything lower, you'd have to work so hard getting taste through the filter that you'd end up going back to your old brand.

With Vantage, you won't want to.
Don't take our word for it.
Buy a pack and make up your own
mind.



12 mg.
tar*
0.8 mg.
nicotine
FILTER AND MENTHOL

Filter and Menthol. 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 71 (Menthol by FTC method).



In this complicated world, we can bring

The distance between you and your computer can be a lot further than the mere physical distance between your office and the computer room.

Because standing between the two of you is a whole maze of specialized technology. A technology that makes it impossible for the ordinary businessman to get to all the information stored in his own computer. You can't even ask a simple question without going through the men who understand the technology.

Which means that the answers you want right now often don't come back till next week.

What's needed is a way to bring you and your computer closer together so that it becomes a source of instant information for anyone in your company

who has to make decisions.

The only way to bring you closer together is to come between you. With a complete data communications system.

And that's exactly what we do at GTE Information Systems.

We've mastered a whole new technology that focuses on the area between you and your computer, the area outside the computer room. A technology dedicated to overcoming that other technology that keeps ordinary people from communicating with computers.

The idea is to let you talk to the computer directly, in people language. And get your answers back

immediately, also in people language. All without ever leaving your desk or saying a word to anybody in the computer room.

If you'd like more information on data communications systems, what they are, and how they can bring you and your computer closer together, just write to the President, GTE Information Systems Inc., Four Corporate Park Drive, White Plains, N.Y. 10604. He's got your copy of a new booklet explaining the expanding world of data communications.

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GTE INFORMATION SYSTEMS

AMERICAN NOTES

Danke Schön

At the Harvard commencement in June 1947, U.S. Secretary of State George C. Marshall announced a foreign aid program that British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin hailed as "the most unworldly act in history." During the next five years the Marshall Plan funneled \$13.6 billion to the war-ravaged nations of Western Europe. The unprecedented program was perhaps the single most crucial factor in the economic recovery of postwar Europe. Last week, on the 25th anniversary of the Marshall Plan announcement, one of its chief beneficiaries said thank you.

In an address at Harvard, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt pledged \$47 million for the formation of an independent, American-run foundation to promote a deeper understanding between the U.S. and Europe. Called the German Marshall Fund, the foundation, said Brandt, commemorates an event that "roused Europe's stifled self-confidence" and inspired "the vision of a Europe united in lasting peace." The gift from West Germany, he said, was an affirmation that "our gratitude, the gratitude of Europeans, has remained alive."

Ill Omen?

Washingtonians, a superstitious breed, are uneasy. For the past three weeks a vulture with an 8 ft. wingspan has been circling the nation's capital. An African griffon that escaped from the National Zoo, the male vulture has eluded all attempts of capture. Though zoo officials insist that his tastes run to large dead rats and not small live chil-

dren, wary citizens are not amused. The real worry is over the country's image. So far, the big bird has confined his flight pattern to the northwest section of the city where he often perches atop the National Cathedral like a gargoyle. Imagine the photographs in every newspaper in the world if he settled down to brood atop the Capitol dome or on the White House roof.

Culture Shock

Hsing-Hsing and Ling-Ling, those cuddly pandas from Red China, are so happy in their new digs at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., that they have taken to standing on their heads and wiggling their rumps in an apparent gesture of good will. From Peking, however, came ominous reports that Milton and Matilda, the musk oxen that President Nixon presented to the Chinese, were not on exhibit at the Peking Zoo because they were suffering from post-nasal drip and a skin condition that was causing them to shed their hair.

"Culture shock" and the rigors of travel are the diagnoses offered by Dr. Theodore Reed, the National Zoo director who escorted the shaggy oxen to Peking. Mindful of the possible international repercussions, Reed explains that the runny noses and such were partly a temporary reaction to "hearing Chinese spoken instead of English, seeing new faces, new uniforms, new surroundings and eating Chinese hay and grain. Hoof stock don't travel as well as, say, pandas." Sure enough, late last week word came from Peking that Milton and Matilda had recovered. Reed attributes the cure to his recommended treatment of antibiotics and "tender loving care." Or was it perhaps acupuncture?

Anchors Away

Now for the fill-in-the-blank portion of our test. Pencils ready? If Richard Nixon gives Leonid Brezhnev a Cadillac, then the Soviet leader should give the President a ----- . Well, what? What socialist product evokes the Communist system the way a Cadillac does U.S. capitalism? A personal, hand-controlled Sputnik? A collective farm?

It is a taxing problem, and the Russians have given up trying to solve it. Headed Nixon's way by freighter is a gift from Moscow as capitalist as they come: a hydrofoil boat. If it arrives in time for the Republican Convention, Nixon will be able to rooster-tail through the waters of Biscayne Bay between his Florida home and the convention hall in true and glorious helmsman's style.

Visit Heaven and Hell!

See the 13-story fiber-glass statue of Jesus Christ overlooking the Salvation Gardens! Thrill to gladiator fights in the Colosseum! Climb the Tower of Babel! Disappear into the belly of Jonah's Whale! Pet the animals on Noah's Ark! Ride a slave barge across the Sea of Galilee! Visit Heaven and Hell! All this and more for only \$6 a head!

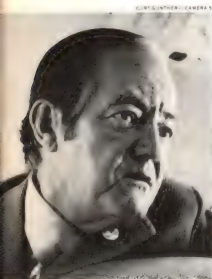
The fun-filled attractions are part of a new biblical amusement park called Holyland. Now abuilding on 225 acres outside Mobile, Ala., the \$10 million project is the inspiration of a group of businessmen headed by Alabama Entrepreneur Bill Caywood. Apparently convinced that Moses can outdraw Mickey Mouse, Caywood & Co. are confident that when Holyland opens on Palm Sunday 1973 there will be no room at The Inn, a 300-unit lodge on the park grounds.

In response to letters questioning whether such attractions as a planned time-tunnel trip through the holy city of Jerusalem and a mechanical Jonah's whale that swallows visitors are sacrilegious, the promoters are quick to explain that they have enlisted the assistance of several churches to ensure interdenominational felicity. They are also taking out options to buy the land surrounding the park to prevent the appearance of anything so desecrating as "cheap souvenir joints." The expensive souvenir joints will apparently be inside Holyland, presumably in the temple with the money-changers.

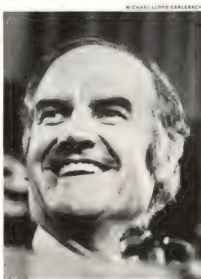
ESCAPED VULTURE OVER WASHINGTON

MILTON BEFORE LEAVING U.S.





HUBERT HUMPHREY CAMPAIGNING



GEORGE MCGOVERN CELEBRATING



EDMUND MUSKIE HOLDING FAST

POLITICS

McGovern Moves Front, Maybe Center

LAS VEGAS Oddsman Jimmy the Greek last January figured him a 50-to-1 shot to be nominated President. Only three months ago, national polls rated him 5% in any Democratic field. In the corridors of the Senate Office Building last winter, like the Ancient Mariner he would stop reporters and ask plaintively: "Why aren't you covering me? I'm a serious candidate?"

Last week it became precisely clear how serious South Dakota's George McGovern is. With a certain cool relentlessness, he swept another four primaries—New Jersey, New Mexico, South Dakota and, most crucially, the winner-take-all contest in California, with its 271 delegates. Anticipating at least another 200 delegates in next week's New York primary, along with 150 delegates from remaining state conventions and some converts among the uncommitted, McGovern seemed likely to go to Miami Beach on July 10 armed with more than 1,300 votes, apparently within easy striking distance of the 1,509 necessary for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Thus, as it caromed out of the long and expensive primary spring, the slightly dazed Democratic Party found itself confronting something close to a *fait accompli*. Hubert Humphrey, far behind with 324 delegates, vowed to fight on, in fading hopes that the convention arithmetic might still be changed. Maine's Edmund Muskie, an inactive candidate, late last week declined to take himself out of the race and free his 172 delegates.

The hopes of both Humphrey and Muskie may have been tinged with a lingering disbelief. Here was plain, slow-

spoken George McGovern, minister's son, prairie populist, leading the armies of commitment and ideological chic. However ruggedly colorless the driver, his handwagon rolled flamboyantly on, bright with the fresh-faced young and the movie stars and intellectuals who had found their new political vehicle. Behind a superbly organized and financed army of volunteers, McGovern had all but won the delegate battle through the primaries and state conventions. It was a neat touch that he was playing by the party reform rules that he had helped formulate. To followers with memories of 1968, McGovern's impending nomination seemed nearly too good to be true.

Stunned. To more conservative Democrats, including Southerners, many labor leaders and party professionals stunned by the force of the new politics, McGovern still seemed a gamble too dangerous to risk. In his pledges to cut defense spending by \$32 billion, redistribute the nation's wealth and reform its tax structures—the "radical" aura surrounding him—they saw forebodings of an electoral disaster.

At bottom, the McGovern question turned on two radically different perceptions of the nation's mood. Perception One: The U.S., while desiring some change—tax relief, an end to the war—remains too determinedly centrist to elect a candidate who talks of tampering fundamentally with the nation's economic structure and defense policies. The center, Political Analysts Richard Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg wrote in 1970, is "where victory lies. The great majority of the voters of America are young, unpoor and unblack. They are

middle-aged, middle-class and middle-minded." This is the America that former Nixon Campaign Worker Kevin Phillips adumbrated in his thesis about "The Emerging Republican Majority," and it is the America Richard Nixon plays to.

Perception Two: Scammon-Wattenberg has become somewhat beside the point; as the outpouring of votes for George Wallace and McGovern proved through the spring, Americans are in a mood of restless malaise, fed up with the war, with "big government" and "big business," with institutions that do not seem to work. Such a foul public temper is dangerous for any incumbent. In this climate, the reasoning goes, McGovern is eminently electable; the conventional political wisdom does not hold any longer.

Despite his high delegate count, McGovern's performance to date is not entirely persuasive proof that his is the future's voice. Hubert Humphrey still leads McGovern in total popular votes cast during the primaries—4,051,340 to 3,950,394. McGovern lost in New Hampshire, Florida, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland and Michigan. Until last week, he had won preference ballots in Nebraska, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Oregon and Rhode Island. The most important of these states, Wisconsin, gave McGovern only 29.5%, while Wallace got 22% and Humphrey 20.7%. McGovern simply seemed a startling victim because he had started so far back in the pack.

Nor were the results in California quite as spectacular as the winner-take-all provision made them seem. A week before the primary, Mervin Field's Cal-



CAMPAINING IN MANHATTAN DELICATESSEN FOR NEW YORK PRIMARY
Amid lingering disbelief, the party was close to a fait accompli.

ifornia poll showed McGovern ahead by an astonishing 20%. The poll itself became an issue in the race, perhaps breeding overconfidence in the McGovern ranks, perhaps discouraging Humphrey workers. As it turned out, McGovern won by only 5%—44% to Humphrey's 39%. While the vote reflected a broadening McGovern constituency (see box), he had outspent Humphrey by \$2 million to \$500,000. Humphrey's advance work was atrocious and his press relations opaque.

The White House quickly greeted the prospect of a McGovern nomination with impolite relish. John Mitchell, who resigned as Attorney General to manage the President's campaign, remarked wryly: "Contrary to some published reports, the Committee for the

Re-Election of the President is not engaged in selecting the Democratic candidate." McGovern is most vulnerable, the White House men believe, on his proposal to cut annual defense spending by \$32 billion, on his income-redistribution plan and his sometime endorsement of the \$6,500 income guarantee for a family of four, as proposed by the National Welfare Rights Organization and other groups.

The Republicans will focus on persuading such traditional Democrats as Catholic "ethnics" that McGovern represents radicalism and permissiveness. "He bought the whole package of the President's commission on population growth, including contraceptives for teen-agers," says a White House aide. "That'll go over great in the Catholic

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community." Already the Republican rhetoric on McGovern is being honed to a nasty edge. Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott was moved to call McGovern the "triple-A candidate—acid, amnesty and abortion." While Nixon would campaign as a working President, he would have scores of "surrogate candidates" ready to go forth with glittering political messages. One of them might be Spiro Agnew or, if Agnew is dropped from the Republican ticket, former Treasury Secretary John Connally. Last week, perhaps in preparation for a vice-presidential role, Connally was dispatched by the President on a 17-nation world tour in Nixon's behalf.

Wan. Was there any way that McGovern might be stopped short of a first-ballot nomination? Both Muskie and Humphrey seem to hold on to some wan hope. Muskie, after a night of soul-searching and consultation with his advisers, decided against throwing his strength to McGovern and guaranteeing his first-ballot nomination. Said Muskie: "If reform of the Democratic Party means anything, it means that the nominee of the party must be selected in an open convention."

Humphrey made gingerly motions to the right last week. Contrary to an earlier statement, he said that he might be willing to accept George Wallace as a vice-presidential running mate. Such a combination would be highly improbable—whether for ideological reasons or because Wallace might simply be too debilitated by his gunshot wounds to campaign. But Humphrey clearly hoped to gain Wallace's 328 delegates in exchange for allowing the Alabamian some added influence at the convention.

But the only way McGovern might now be denied the nomination, many

A TIME Election Survey: Broadening the Base

For George McGovern, victory in California meant more than capturing the largest block of delegates so far to the Democratic Convention. It signified an important broadening of his base among voters who until California have been largely counted in the camps of Hubert Humphrey and other contenders. McGovern made major gains among organized labor, the elderly, blacks, Chicanos, the poor—groups whose support he needs in order to have any chance against Nixon. So indicates a TIME/Yankelovich survey of 570 California voters, who were interviewed as they were leaving the polling booths. The findings:

THE BLOCKS. As expected, McGovern got a lion's share (74%) of votes cast by those in the 18-to-24 age group, who constituted a sixth of all Democrats casting ballots in the primary. Surprisingly, union members gave McGovern

a 47%-to-42% edge over Humphrey, despite the fact that most of the state's labor leaders backed Hubert. Equally new in primary-voting patterns was the South Dakota Senator's popularity with blacks and Mexican-Americans, among whom he tied with Humphrey. Though he carried the senior citizen vote by a 2-to-1 margin in some earlier primaries this year, Humphrey's lead dropped off sharply to a slim 7% winning margin among voters aged 55 and over.

THE ISSUES. The survey shows that the issue that most concerns Californians is Viet Nam. Of those who voted for McGovern, 82% did so at least in part because of his antiwar stance. But the environment, unemployment, welfare and tax reform were also of prime interest to the McGovern voter. In contrast, 51% of Humphrey's supporters voted for him because they felt that he was the more experienced candidate, while another one-third were simply

registering their strong opposition to McGovern. Nearly half of the non-McGovern voters thought that he was "too far out" on abortion and marijuana.

THE TV DEBATES. About 60% of the Democratic voters polled had watched at least one of the three network-television debates of the campaign, and one-third of these viewers thought the confrontations had influenced their votes. Of this group, a slim majority (55%) went to Humphrey. Interestingly, 67% of voters 55 years and older watched the debates, while only 52% of the 18-to-24 age group did.

LOOKING AHEAD. A sizable portion of those interviewed, 43%, foresee a wide-open convention next month; 30% still suspect that the nominee will be selected on the basis of back-room deals. The voters split on the question of throwing support to the other candidate if their own man fails in his convention bid. Surprisingly, Non-Candidate Edward

Democrats felt, was for him to adopt such intransigent positions before the credentials and platform committees that his momentum would abruptly halt, and the uncommitted delegates would harden against him. According to this scenario, he would so antagonize party regulars that his delegates would freeze at 1,300, denying him a first-ballot victory. Then a hemorrhage might begin, with his delegates leaking away to Muskie or Humphrey or a dark horse. But to deny the nomination to a man who had accumulated 1,300 or more delegates through the primaries would likely provoke a disastrous party schism.

Already McGovern seems moving toward the center, fuzzing if not softening his positions. On the eve of the California primary, McGovern went to the Democratic Governors conference in Houston, where he found the initial mood chilly and depressed. When 30 Governors at that meeting were asked whether McGovern could carry their states, only three raised their hands—Wisconsin's Pat Lucey, South Dakota's Richard Kneip and Minnesota's Wendell Anderson. McGovern listened to a barrage of complaints about the cascading number of delegate challenges being made by his supporters. "My God," said Nebraska's Jim Exon, "I endorsed you, and the McGovern people are trying to keep me off the delegation!"

McGovern soothed them, promising to appoint a staff member to study all the challenges and eliminate the "trivial" ones. Then for two hours, as the Governors sipped drinks, McGovern went over his positions: He opposed legalizing marijuana; he would leave abortion for the states to decide.

Kennedy, who might have narrowly won the race by taking equal numbers away from both Humphrey and McGovern, would be welcomed as a compromise candidate by only 17%. As for George Wallace, 38% thought his views should be given a place in the party platform, and 26% would simply ignore him at Miami. Roughly 10% said that the Alabama Governor should be considered for the second spot on the ticket, and about the same number advocated his censure.

The survey shows that if McGovern is the party nominee, he will face a major task in winning the loyalty of major-party voters, 41% of whom will vote for President Nixon if McGovern is nominated—or so they say now. Even more Humphrey voters, 52%, said they were satisfied with Nixon's performance, while 72% of the McGovern voters believe that things are going badly in the U.S. Overall, two-thirds of those interviewed would vote for either candidate against Nixon in November.



SOUTHERNERS MEETING AT GOVERNORS CONFERENCE IN HOUSTON*
A radically different perception of the nation's mood.

On amnesty: "I'm not as liberal as Calvin Coolidge, who provided amnesty for World War I deserters. I'm opposed to amnesty for deserters." Pressed by Nevada's Mike O'Callaghan on what he would do if the North Vietnamese refused to release American prisoners even after U.S. withdrawal, McGovern said, "Under such circumstances, we'd have to take action," although he did not say what action.

Wild-Eyed. McGovern said that he was fully prepared to compromise on his domestic programs. For example, he said, he was now convinced that Wilbur Mills' tax reform proposal—canceling most major tax loopholes and then reintroducing each one for separate congressional consideration—was superior to his own. After six Governors shot questions on his welfare program, McGovern raised his hands and said: "Look, Congress will always provide the balance against any programs that I recommend." One Governor later remarked: "He seemed to be saying, 'Don't worry. If you think I'm a wild-eyed nut, Congress will keep me in line.'"

As the meeting broke up at 1 a.m., some participants who had come in with "Hello, Senator" left with "Goodbye, George." Communication had been started, but as one liberal Governor observed: "The big question is whether the Senator can really moderate his positions to the point where he can challenge Nixon for the center. He must do this to win, but I suspect he may be trapped by the fanaticism of his youthful supporters."

Later in the week, McGovern blurred his welfare proposals to the point that they were almost indistinguishable from the President's. "We start from the same assumption," McGovern said, "the need to develop some kind of program to provide income supplements for working people." Campaigning in New York, he told reporters that his figure of a \$1,000 income

supplement for all Americans was not a hard-and-fast proposal but only "one possibility." He continued to believe that his alternative defense budget would stand up, "give or take a little" but he only planned to ask the convention to accept the idea of reducing arms expenditures in order to increase domestic investment.

In another conciliatory expedition, McGovern plans a tour through the South, even though the region would probably be near-solid Nixon territory. His own followers sometimes forget that McGovern, a Democrat from a conservative, Republican stronghold, long since learned to survive by the politician's arts. It is such political instincts that are now easing him back toward the party's middle—a delicate maneuver in which McGovern is playing for the highest prize at the risk of his credibility and the constituency that has brought the prize so close.

Candidate on the Couch

Every President is essentially a mystery until his presidency begins to unfold. Often he is judged at the end of his term of office to be a very different man than at the beginning; consider Lyndon Johnson. But so hazardous is the world today, so annihilating the power in the hands of the President, that his character deserves closer scrutiny than it usually gets in the Darwinian American election process.

One man attempting such psychological analysis is James David Barber, chairman of the political science department at Duke University. In a new book, *The Presidential Character* (Prentice-Hall), he divides the chief executives into four tidy categories:

► **Active-positive** (ambitious out of exuberance): Includes FDR, Truman, Kennedy.

► **Active-negative** (ambitious out

*From left: South Carolina's John C. West, Georgia's Jimmy Carter, Virginia's Linwood Holton

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of anxiety: Lyndon Johnson, Nixon.

► *Passive-positive* (compliant and other-directed): Theodore Roosevelt, Harding.

► *Passive-negative* (dutiful and self-denying): Washington, Eisenhower.

Barber has studied political psychology, but a character analysis far from the couch must be treated with a certain skepticism. His scheme obviously leaves a lot to be examined: Is exuberance, for instance, so easily distinguished from anxiety? Kierkegaard did not think so. Still, Barber's concept is

fascinating, if not final. Since Barber's express purpose in writing his book is to encourage a hard look at men before they reach the White House, *TIME* asked him to estimate what kind of President George McGovern would make. Barber's analysis:

Active-positive, without a doubt, "McGovern pours it on night and day." He wastes no time, leaving a scant 20 minutes to get from his Washington office to National Airport. But does he strive for the presidency out of a compulsiveness rooted in childhood insecur-

ity or out of enjoyment? Barber feels McGovern is clearly exhilarated by politics, and not just recently: "Back in South Dakota, he used to go to county fairs and spend hours standing in the sun, shaking hands. He really likes it."

This contrasts with Nixon, says Barber, who does not appear to enjoy politics, though he works as hard at it. An active-negative like Nixon is "always concerned with how he is managing his feelings. McGovern is not interested in raking over his own psychology."

Barber sets particular store by what

Why Should the Rich Back McGovern?

THE McGovern campaign has had large support from small contributors, but even the prairie populist also needs help from millionaires. In fact, McGovern has been able to outstep all his primary opponents. To a surprising degree, the man who wants to redistribute the nation's wealth is attracting affluent donors.

One new sign of such McGovern success is creation of the Woonsocket Club, a group of about 35 wealthy people most of whom have given at least \$25,000 to his campaign. The club is named after the town in South Dakota where McGovern and his wife Eleanor

Given McGovern's announced plans for a massive redistribution of wealth, for higher personal and inheritance taxes, why should the wealthy give to him? "The commitment of the money people to McGovern is basically ideological, not financial," contends Rubin, who organized the Senator's California primary campaign. "The alienation and disaffection in this country cuts across economic lines; many rich people feel the moral necessity for someone like George McGovern."

McGovern's opposition to the Viet Nam War, his determination to divert defense funds to attacking domestic

owner of Welch's Grape Co.: "People accused Roosevelt of plotting the destruction of the capitalistic system, but the fact is that it emerged stronger as a result of his efforts."

There is also a feeling among some McGovern millionaires that he will moderate his tax-reform and redistribution-of-wealth proposals once he has a chance to consider their full implications and get more advice from the financial community, including Wall Street. If he does not, contends Kaplan, "the Congress would never pass them anyway." Other wealthy donors do not see the McGovern tax programs as all that revolutionary. Declares McGovern Backer Howard Samuels, a New York millionaire: "Hell, Wilbur



SAMUELS



BEATTY



WILLEMS & KIMELMAN



MOTT

first met and fell in love. The club's chairman, California Real Estate Dealer Harold Willes, explains that the members have "fallen in love symbolically with George." They include Co-Chairmen Liz Stevens of Washington and Marjorie Benton of Chicago, Xerox Executive Committee Chairman Max Palevsky, Los Angeles Manufacturer Miles Rubin, Actor Warren Beatty, General Motors Heir Stewart Mott, and San Francisco Socialite Jane Degnan. The members will be invited to attend the Democratic Convention as VIPs, wearing identifying pins. A similar Washington-based club, called "VICS" (Very Important Contributors), requires only a \$5,000 donation. Its members have been invited to a McGovern picnic at Ethel Kennedy's home, Hickory Hill

problems and his sense of social justice are cited by many of his wealthy supporters as overriding reasons for their donations. If McGovern's election will mean that they will have to pay higher taxes, a common reaction is: "We can afford it"—suggesting that he is perhaps more of a worry to middle-income groups. Moreover, some feel that they and others who are rich should pay more to help the poor. Asks Henry Kimelman, McGovern's national finance director: "How can a wealthy man go to bed at night knowing that there are five million people going to sleep in this country hungry at the same time?"

Others see McGovern's economic policies as similar to the once-radical ideas of Franklin Roosevelt in the 1930s. Contends Jack Kaplan, former

Mills is talking about throwing out the whole tax structure."

Certainly, McGovern is far from universally accepted by the nation's rich; most of them probably abhor his views. But the rationale among the wealthy McGovern supporters is thus a confusing combination of a traditional wealthy liberalism that seeks to help those who are less fortunate, a pragmatic belief that fundamental changes are necessary if U.S. society is to hold together, and a contrary attitude that his financial proposals are really not so radical anyway—or if they are, they will not become law. If much of that seems contradictory, it is only typical of the way in which the McGovern candidacy has so far appealed to people with a bewildering variety of personal motivations.

he calls FIPS, an acronym for a politician's First Independent Political Success, which sets a pattern for the way a President will approach problems. McGovern's FIPS occurred when he revived the Democratic Party in Republican South Dakota singlehanded. "Judging by this episode, he would display a marked degree of organization and a persistence in tackling what might seem to others a hopeless cause." McGovern has learned to sit down and deal with people on issues, he says, in contrast to a Lyndon Johnson who always sought out his opponent's weakness in negotiating rather than debating substance and employing logic.

Loved. Barber finds similarities in the upbringing of FDR, Kennedy and McGovern—not in terms of wealth but of attitude. "In all of these families, the parents made it clear to the children that they were loved—but they were held on a long leash. The children were valued, but not used. This engenders a combination of action and happiness. The core is self-esteem."

Thus, in a thumbnail sizing up, Barber sees pluses in a President McGovern who would do his homework enthusiastically and enjoy the office, would be direct and persuasive in dealing one-to-one with individuals and be good at giving responsibility to others. On the debit side Barber wonders if McGovern would delegate too much authority. He worries that McGovern's "past doesn't give too much clue as to how good he would be at arm twisting. Would he be tough enough in the crunch with powerful men?"

Barber also questions whether McGovern's dry rhetorical style would be adequate in a nation that looks to its President for inspiration. Much as he admires the active-positive President, Barber feels that he emphasizes rational mastery "using the brain to move the feet. This may get him into trouble; he may fail to take account of the irrational in politics; not everyone he deals with sees things his way, and he may find it hard to understand why."

DEFENSE

A Little Protective Reaction

How much the U.S. should spend for defense and nuclear arms seems certain to be one of the most emotional and hard-fought issues of the presidential campaign. A big slash in the defense budget is a keynote of George McGovern's campaign. A lesser cut is advocated by Hubert Humphrey. With his SALT agreements signed in Moscow, President Nixon has thrust nuclear arms into the harsh glare of national attention. Some of the first arguments over the size of next year's defense budget began in Congress last week.

Despite grumbling by hawks, some

conservatives and some Pentagon officials, there is little doubt that Congress will overwhelmingly approve the preliminary, five-year freeze on most offensive strategic weapons, which will require only majority approval in both chambers, and that the Senate will muster the two-thirds vote necessary to ratify the treaty limiting anti-ballistic-missile defenses to just two sites each in the U.S. and Russia. But Defense Secretary Melvin Laird flew some verbal protective-reaction strikes over Capitol Hill, trying to convince congressional committees that despite the agreements designed to slow the arms race, the Defense Department needs even more money in the next fiscal year.

Laird argued first that U.S. efforts to stem the recent Communist offensive in Viet Nam will add between \$3 billion and \$5 billion to the annual cost of the war—almost doubling earlier projections. Most of the funds would be used for munitions and the costs of the massive U.S. bombing.

A bigger budgetary consideration was Laird's insistence that support of

neering on the B-1 supersonic bomber, which would replace the B-52.

The Pentagon is also asking for \$20 million to get started on another submarine-based missile, the SLCM (Submarine-Launched Cruise Missile). A low-flying weapon originally designed for attacking other vessels, the SLCM has been upgraded in terminology to a "strategic" weapon—apparently as another future SALT bargaining chip. Its relatively short range makes it more of a tactical missile than a continent-spanning weapon. The cost of such new weapons development would more than offset the \$711 million that the Pentagon estimates can be saved this year and next, as a result of the arms pact, mainly in abandoning work on one Safeguard ABM site in Montana, as the ABM agreement requires. All this would bring next year's defense budget up to \$88.6 billion—an increase of \$14 billion despite the heralded winding down of the war and the summit pacts.

Heated debate is expected in Congress and in the election campaign over the logic of developing new weapons in



the SALT agreements must be coupled with approval of costly improvements in the quality of offensive weapons. Unless existing weapons are modernized and new systems developed, Laird said, "we would place the security of the United States and the safety of our people in jeopardy." Moreover, he contended, projected new weapons are needed as a hedge in the next phase of the SALT talks; they can be used either to wring concessions out of the Soviet negotiators or to be completed and deployed if the talks break down.

Laird thus insisted that preliminary work proceed on the Trident submarine system, which would include up to ten new nuclear subs carrying missiles with nearly twice the range of the present Polaris and Poseidon. Each vessel would cost about \$1 billion. He seeks \$942 million for this next year. He wants another \$445 million to push research and engi-

part so they can give the U.S. a stronger bargaining position in seeking new arms agreements with the Russians. Critics will assail as a waste of funds the idea that weapons systems must be started so they can be bargained away; defenders will see the projects both as necessary pawns in landing broader agreements and as vital to security if no further agreements are reached.

The rough nature of the impending political battle was indicated by Laird, who assailed McGovern's plan to cut the annual budget by \$32 billion by 1975 as "running up the white flag of surrender." McGovern called this "a lot of nonsense," noting that his reduction would be made gradually and claiming that it would not endanger the nation's security. As the partisan stakes mount, no one is sure how Congress will resolve such disputes in the heat of an unpredictable election year.

THE CONGRESS

Antibusing Compromise

An emotional impasse over new restrictions against busing children to integrate schools was broken by the House of Representatives last week when it passed a compromise that satisfied almost no one. It survived mainly because it had been attached, incongruously, to a landmark bill providing discretionary federal aid for the first time to colleges and universities. Inevitably, the intense politics of the busing controversy overshadowed the more significant educational provisions.

On the surface, the whole higher education bill seemed doomed under the conflicting crossfire of the busing arguments. Opposed were liberal Congressmen, the House Black Caucus, the American Civil Liberties Union, the NAACP, the AFL-CIO, the UAW and the League of Women Voters, all because they did not want any busing restrictions. Also against it were Southern Congressmen, many conservatives and the House Republican leadership, because they felt the busing limits were inadequate. Only the most skillful maneuvering by House Democratic leaders, who played on the fears of both opposing forces, pushed it through. As one key operator, Indiana's John Brademas, explained it: "To the liberals we said, 'If this goes down the drain, you're going to get an even worse antibusing bill, plus you lose all this educational aid.' To the conservatives we said, 'This is your last chance to block court-ordered busing.'"

The situation was further confused because the Senate had passed a less restrictive antibusing measure and the House had earlier passed a far stiffer one. Through 19 meetings between conferees from both chambers, neither side had compromised. The House had taken the unprecedented step of twice instructing its conferees to stick by the House version. But in the end they had yielded and agreed to a middle-road measure. This compromise had swiftly passed the Senate, and was before the House for final action. At the end of the roll call, the yeas led by only 145 to 139, but then late voters added to the margin and some members switched. The measure passed 218 to 180.

Incongruous. The bill will postpone the implementation of any lower-court orders to bus or transfer students for the purpose of racial balance until all appeals to higher courts have been resolved, but not beyond Jan. 1, 1974. Federal funds could be used to carry out court-ordered busing if requested by local authorities, but not if it involves sending a child to an inferior school. Somewhat incongruous in a bill that could slow down integration of the schools, President Nixon's request for \$2 billion to be spent over two years to help communities desegregate their schools is nevertheless included.

The restrictions fall short of Nixon's

request for a flat moratorium on all busing until July 1, 1973 and a lasting ban against busing below the seventh grade. Yet he is expected to sign the bill.

The less controversial educational provisions authorize the use of \$18.5 billion over three years for various forms of aid to colleges. The major innovation is that the bill calls for distribution of funds directly to the institutions, both public and private, for use as they see fit. This is an entirely new concept of federal aid, since all past grants to colleges have been earmarked for specific purposes. Although precise amounts must be appropriated in later legislation, the bill authorizes \$1 billion a year for this general aid.

The bill also will allow specific emergency grants to colleges "in danger of collapse" because of financial difficulties. The measure provides new aid to students, including an outright grant of up to \$1,400 a year to every student, minus whatever his family can be expected to contribute. Whether or not the funds to meet this goal will be appropriated is still to be seen. The bill also bans discrimination against women in the admissions policies of public colleges and all graduate schools.

The passage of broad federal aid to higher education marks a further erosion in the fears many institutions once held that accepting federal funds could lead to undue governmental influence over their operations.

DISASTERS

Nightmare in Rapid City

The tourist season was beginning and life in the clean, green freshness of Rapid City was turning busier after the relative quiet of a long winter and a welcome spring. Nestled in South Dakota's Black Hills, attractive with its broad business streets and wooded parks, the city of 44,000 people beckoned visitors to the nearby Bad Lands, the granite faces of Mount Rushmore, and the Old West where Wild Bill Hickok was gunned down at a card table and Calamity Jane lies buried. Then one night last week the rains began.

Up to ten inches fell in less than 24 hours. The usually shallow mountain creeks burgeoned out of control, hurling waves of water down the hills into Rapid City. "We watched in amazement as a small stream spilling from the hillside turned into a four-foot-wide torrent," recalled Jerry Mashek, a reporter for the *Rapid City Journal*. "Rapid Creek, normally clear and placid, sounded like a freight train passing in the night. It must have been 150 feet wide."

Walls of water rolled across highways, knocked down power lines, ruptured tanks containing propane gas. Explosions and fire erupted anomalously amid the surging waters. Landslides sent mud cascading down the hills. Homes

buckled, cars were swept away, bridges and small dams collapsed.

"The smell of a world ripped apart hung in the air," said Mashek. "Gigantic blocks of asphalt and concrete as large as the walls of a house were strewn across the highway. Boulders lay haphazardly, and bridge structures were ripped and dangling. It was like nothing I've ever smelled before and hope to God I never do again." Another *Journal* reporter, Harold Higgins, stood on a bridge and watched a 30-foot house trailer "riding a wave like a surfboard." A woman reported "a Volkswagen floating down the street with the people hanging on and screaming for help."

Everywhere came the plaintive calls. But there was little that those lucky enough to find solid footing or something to cling to could do in the darkness to aid those engulfed by the flood, smothered in the landslides or caught in burning buildings. Commercial radio stations were knocked off the air by the cut-off of power. A civil



WOMAN FLOOD VICTIM IN PARK
A world ripped apart.

defense station, using emergency power, tried to fashion some kind of order out of the chaos: "If you find a body, do not touch it. Call," said an announcer. "Stay in your homes and do not drink the water."

By dawn the rains began to subside, but a fog shrouded the city. Some 1,800 South Dakota National Guardsmen attending a summer camp joined the rescue operations. Mayor Donald Barnett ordered police to arrest any sightseers who ghoulishly descended on the stricken city. All gas service was shut off. The injured filled the city's hospitals and overwhelmed medical facilities at nearby Ellsworth Air Force Base. But for many there was no help. At week's end the toll of known dead passed 125, and another 500 were still missing.

TERRORISM

Europe's Cold Civil War

A SENSE of impending evil seemed to pervade the airports of Europe last week. Interpol had warned that another group of Japanese terrorists was somewhere at large, and that Arab terrorists probably would not let the fifth anniversary of the Six-Day War pass by unmarked. European airports lowered an unprecedented curtain of security around passengers and planes, while police in each country put out dragnets for national guerrilla gangs. In the random nature of terror, the week's worst violence came from an unexpected quarter: ten Czech skyjackers held up a Slov-Air twin-engine L-410 flying from Marienbad to Prague, killed the pilot when he refused to change course, and forced the copilot to fly them to West Germany, where they were promptly arrested.

A larger explosion of violence was probably still to come—either in Europe or in the Middle East. In the wake of the massacre at Tel Aviv airport two weeks ago, when three Japanese gunmen killed 24 people—among them 17 Puerto Rican pilgrims—Israel vowed revenge. The question was when and where the Israelis would strike back. Blaming Lebanon and Egypt for supporting the Arab terrorists who had sent the three Japanese on their deadly mission, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan last week warned that "there is nothing easier for Israel than to paralyze air communications if countries such as Lebanon or Egypt should try with the help of the terrorists to paralyze our lines of communication."

The Israelis at least had a handy and visible target to which to attach blame—however fairly or unfairly. But Europeans could not so easily deal with either exported Middle Eastern violence or the haphazard terrorism that has lately and bewilderingly become almost endemic in their own lands.

Tavern Stops. In Italy alone, 26 carabinieri have been killed in the past 18 months; three were blown to bits two weeks ago when they investigated an abandoned and booby-trapped automobile near the Yugoslav border. In Milan last week bombs were set off at the offices of four U.S. companies in protest against "American imperialism." A group called the Red Brigade was suspected. Three Italians, dressed unaccountably in World War II German uniforms, were arrested in northern Italy carrying eleven pounds of explosives; they had stopped frequently at taverns along the road they were traveling and had managed to get drunk.

Most terrorists are not so maladroited

The Red Army Faction in Munich planted bombs at the U.S. Army headquarters in Heidelberg, killing three Americans, and boasts of another bombing in Frankfurt, which killed an American colonel. West German *Autobahnen* have been strung with roadblocks, and police searched for the remaining members of the bomb-slinging Bonnie and Clyde gang (TIME, June 12). So far, six have been caught. One was Gudrun Ensslin, 31, a minister's daughter and former student of German literature, who was captured in a Hamburg boutique after a saleswoman noticed a pistol stuffed into her jacket.

Cutting Loose. According to Interpol, more than 100 bombs have exploded in buildings, cars and open areas on the Continent since the first of the year. No country seems immune. In Eindhoven, The Netherlands, last February, something called the "Greek Committee" demanded \$300,000 from Philips Industries. Philips refused to pay, and since then five bombs have exploded in its offices and plants.

Why the sudden upsurge of violence into what *Le Monde* calls the "cold civil war"? Italian Writer Luigi Barzini (*The Italians*) attributes it to "fear of the future, resistance to changes produced by history." Cologne Sociologist Erwin Scheuch suggests that the violence in West Germany indicates that the terrorists have broken with the New Left student movement that began in 1968. He argues that as long as the students were united, the more violent among them had to take account of the opinions of less extreme sympathizers; now the extremists have cut themselves loose. Paris Political Scientist Pierre Hassner says that "we may simply have to accept the fact that terror and violence are relatively permanent characteristics of political societies."

The front line of the battle is the point at which technological society is most vulnerable: air transport. On the theory that enough security will make skyjackings, airline bombings—or mass assassinations—at least more difficult, most of Europe's airports have virtually become armed camps. Armored cars ring runways, and some arriving jets—notably those of Israel's El Al—are accompanied by armed outriders as they taxi to parking areas. Ambulances are drawn up in somber file, and police or soldiers armed with submachine guns stand guard.

One of the most difficult assignments fell to police in Stockholm, where 112 delegations arrived at Arlanda Airport for the United Nations Conference



TEL AVIV VICTIM'S BODY IN SAN JUAN



GUDRUN ENSSLIN AFTER CAPTURE



on Human Environment (see ENVIRONMENT). Debarking Yugoslavs had to be protected against Croat extremists who have already assassinated Belgrade's ambassador to Stockholm and blown up a Yugoslav airliner in mid-air, killing 27. Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban, of course, had to be shielded from potential Arab attack, while the U.S. delegation needed protection from possible demonstrators protesting the war in Viet Nam.

Security seemed to vary in spite of the danger. It was intense in some places, principally Frankfurt, slipshod in others and tightest in cases where the nationality of a plane, its destination or special political circumstances raised a hazard. Japanese passengers were shunned by fellow travelers everywhere. At The Hague, three Japanese, in spite of diplomatic passports, were forced to strip and be searched before they were allowed to board their plane.

Drastic Step. Police supplemented electronic passenger checks with frisks of both men and women. Luggage was opened or put through decompression chambers to detect any high-altitude bombs. There were occasional bonuses from the search: at Zaventem Airport in Brussels, police discovered a suitcase with a false bottom containing \$45,000 worth of gems. Passengers by and large accepted—even welcomed—security, although delays in some cases ran as long as two hours.

No security, of course, can be terror tight, and last week the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations, meeting in London, proposed a more drastic step: a boycott of any airport whose government refuses to surrender an airline skyjacker. Unless the United Nations Security Council moves "effectively" against air piracy, the pilots threatened a one-day international shutdown of air service on June 19. In the U.S., Civil Aeronautics Board Chairman Secor Browne sympathized with the pilots, but opposed a private boycott on the grounds that "the elimination of skyjacking is the responsibility of governments." He proposed formation of a single national anti-skyjacking authority.

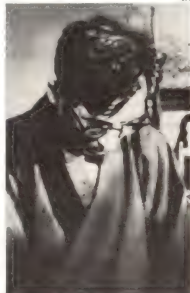
"It would be easy to say that the latest wave of terrorism will worsen until it results in a political revolution somewhere," says Political Scientist Hassner. "That has often been the historical case. But, then, who could have predicted that suddenly there would be no more black riots in the U.S.? Political terror is an obscure phenomenon, whose eruption and recession are without immediate explanation." The new terrorism may fade in time, but European security chiefs have no choice but to take a more pessimistic view. Stockholm is building a new passenger terminal at Arlanda Airport, for instance, that will have permanent facilities where passengers and their luggage can be routinely scanned, searched, stripped, prodded and X-rayed more swiftly than now.

JAPAN

Limited Apology

"The longer one lives, the more shame one has to experience." The old Japanese saying was quoted by a Tokyo reader, Goro Hara, in a letter to the English-language *Japan Times*. To a degree almost incomprehensible to Westerners, Japanese last week were still caught up in shock, shame and rage over the massacre at Israel's Lod Airport by three young Japanese radicals.

A stream of delegations, mostly of young people, called at the Israeli embassy in Tokyo to apologize. Kyoto University President Toshio Maeda, summoned to the Ministry of Education, bowed low to express regret and admit that he was "at a loss how to apologize."



GUNMAN OKAMOTO'S FATHER
A poignant plea.

to the nation for the fact that two of the three culprits have been students at our university." Education Minister Saburo Takami, in turn, apologized for shortcomings in the educational system, while Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda spoke of the dishonor to the nation.

In each case, the appropriate official was following an ages-old tradition, of "taking responsibility" that has evolved from the Japanese family system. Even the nation is considered a family, headed by the *Tennō* or Emperor. If one member stains the family reputation, his relatives are expected to make a show of remorse and expiation. In Jerusalem, Japanese Ambassador Eiji Tokura appeared on television. "Dear citizens of Israel," he said in halting Hebrew, "it is my wish to express my sorrow and apologize for this terrible crime perpetrated by Japanese nationals." Then he burst into tears.

Special Emissary Kenji Fukunaga arrived from Tokyo bearing an offer of

\$1,500,000 compensation from his government, amounting to roughly \$5,000 per injured survivor of the Lod massacre and \$10,000 each for the families of the dead. Meanwhile, in a poignant letter to Israeli Premier Golda Meir, the former schoolteacher father of the surviving gunman, Kozo Okamoto, pleaded that "my son be executed as soon as possible after he is given relentless investigation."

The national pangs of guilt, however, apparently did not extend to more practical levels. Mrs. Meir chose the occasion to suggest that future relations between Japan and Israel might flourish—meaning that Tokyo could lean on some of its largest corporations, who have declined to trade with Israel for fear of an Arab boycott. Japan depends on Arab nations for 30% of its oil; trade with the Arab states totals \$1.7 billion annually overall, while with Israel it is only about \$48 million.

MIDDLE EAST

Was the War Necessary?

Israel has always insisted that it went to war in 1967 over the fundamental issue of survival. To bolster that argument, Premier Golda Meir last week declassified for the first time the brief five-paragraph resolution of that year that approved pre-emptive strikes against neighboring Arab states. Outside the Knesset, Israel's parliament, an angry crowd of young Jews and Arabs retaliated with signs declaiming DOWN WITH THE OCCUPATION and A NATION CANNOT BE FREE THAT OPPRESSES OTHERS. Their argument, and that of some other critics lately, is that Israel was merely being expansionist.

The 1967 resolution found the armies of Egypt, Syria and Jordan "deployed for immediate multifront aggression, threatening the very existence of the state." The only solution was military action "to liberate Israel from the stranglehold of aggression which is progressively being tightened." The Cabinet thereafter gave the General Staff permission to fix its own time and place for a response. Less than 24 hours later, Israeli jets were on their way to destroy Arab planes on the ground in a first strike that determined the course of the entire brief war.

Arab Threat. Now, however, some Israelis are questioning the government's interpretation of events. Ezer Weizman who was a deputy chief of staff in 1967 and is still Israel's most outspoken hawk, maintains that it was not so much survival as the credibility of the armed forces that was at stake. Faced with the Arab threat, they proved they would go to war; since they won so conclusively, Weizman argues, Israel will never be threatened again.

Haim Bar-Lev, the present Minister

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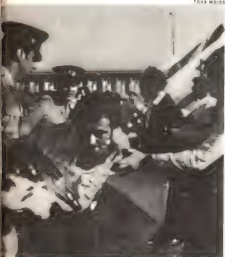
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ARRESTING PICKETER NEAR KNESSET
Secure enough for debate.

of Commerce and Industry but until recently chief of staff of the armed forces (and deputy chief during the war), has stated that "the entrance of the Egyptians into Sinai was not a *casus belli*." If Gamal Abdel Nasser had not insisted on barring the Straits of Tiran to Israeli shipping, Bar-Lev insists, the war would not have occurred, at least not at that time.

Matityahu Peled, a political commentator and Arab studies specialist at Tel Aviv University and the army's quartermaster general in the war, calls the survival argument "a bluff which was born and developed only after the war." Says Peled of the crisis five years ago: "When we spoke of the war in the General Staff, we talked of the political ramifications if we didn't go to war—what would happen to Israel in the next 25 years. Never of survival today."

If not survival, then what was the motive in fighting? Peled considers that it was actually to stem the growing Soviet influence in the Middle East. It was the Russians, in Peled's view, who convinced the Egyptians that Israel would not fight over the Straits of Tiran, through which only 2% of Israeli shipping moved. They were proved wrong.

No one at that time was thinking in terms of Israeli expansion, says Peled. Indeed the Israeli government feared that no matter how victorious it was in the war, it would be isolated in peace. Today, in contrast, says Peled, the government has adopted an expansionist policy. "It is working under the illusion that territory will provide security."

The debate is one sign that Israelis now feel secure enough to risk raising such a sensitive issue in public. But it also begs the question of whether that security depends as much on Israel's expanded borders as the government maintains. With a national election coming up next year, Mrs. Meir is interested in proving the critics wrong and stressing the more patriotic *casus belli*

of survival. Unless she does, since Israel five years after the war has still not won the peace, dissenters such as those outside the Knesset last week may grow increasingly vocal.

The Colonizers

On the eve of last week's anniversary of the 1967 Six-Day War, Israel's Defense Minister Moshe Dayan pointedly paid a call on the town council of Hebron on the occupied West Bank. Turning to the mayor, Sheikh Mohammed Ali Ja'abari, Dayan suggested that the council ought to begin making development plans for the next ten or 15 years. As the assembled Arab notables gasped, Dayan added with a tight smile: "I suggest that you free yourselves from any illusions you may have regarding the future."

Five years after the war, Israel's occupation of captured Arab territories has a decided look of permanence. The Israelis are building colonies—or, as their critics might say, an empire. On a three-day anniversary trip of his own, TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin covered the 1,349 miles of border from the Mediterranean cliffs of Rosh Hanikra on the Lebanese side to the citrus-scented Gaza Strip. His report:

The first thing one senses is that the Israeli race to dig in is over. Only once, beside the Suez Canal, did I see earth movers working in a cluster, bolstering causeways that already looked forbiddingly high. Elsewhere, telephone and electric lines are in place, water pipes are underground. Fences and electronic gear do sentry duty; few military vehicles or troops are noticeable. But they are there. "We've got everything we need," said an officer in a forward post. "One shell and I'll be ready to make war in three minutes, maybe less."

Israel is prepared to return portions of occupied land on which it has not established protective settlements against future attacks. On that basis, about all that is negotiable is the Suez Canal. Elsewhere settlers have moved fast, and they are thinking far ahead. At coral-line Sharm el Sheikh, now renamed Ophira,* they are building hotels and planning still others to accommodate tourists. Hard-topped roads make access far easier than it was in 1967. At a new kibbutz on the Golan Heights, British-born Frank Donnel points to the freshly planted grass and trees. "Another ten years and you won't recognize the place," he says.

Bus Tours. Similarly, at a Mediterranean settlement called Dikla, established near the old Egyptian city of El Arish in the Sinai, red-haired Community Leader Motke Ben-Ya'acov proudly shows an Israeli identity card that gives his address as "Dikla, Northern Sinai." "There's no chance we'll ever

leave," says Ben-Ya'acov. "The government will never give back El Arish." Nor is Israel likely to relinquish the oil town of Abu Rodeis to the south on the Gulf of Suez, where Israelis are pumping 18,000 tons daily of what was formerly Egyptian oil. The new school in Abu Rodeis last week proudly graduated its first six students. Eight tour buses a day visit the town, although there is little to sightsee besides a bank and a supermarket. "The tourists are all Israelis," one driver said. "They just come down to see what they own."

In places the border is still deadly violent. Near Ein Zivan on the Golan Heights, a 31-year-old reservist was killed shortly after my visit. Rockets fired from Syria hit a car in which he had thumbed a ride. Strangely, no one else was even injured. Near "Fatahland," where the borders of Israel, Lebanon and Syria converge and Palestinian guerrillas are still active, highway signs include notices that TRAVELING AT NIGHT IS FORBIDDEN. In the farming village of Metulla, which has lost two men killed and five wounded in fedayeen attacks from Lebanon, Mayor Assaf Frankel wistfully said: "I hope it doesn't start all over again." His eyes show that he does not have much hope.

Israel's Riviera. Yet elsewhere the border is more peaceful than it has been for years, although the quiet could be deceptive. Ein Bokek, on the Dead Sea, is about to become "Israel's Riviera": hundreds of visitors arrive every day, and three new hotels are being built to accommodate them. At the Jordan Valley kibbutz of Kfar Ruppin, which was hit by 1,000 artillery shells during the war of attrition that followed the Six-Day War, Ya'acov Noy, a 35-year kibbutz veteran, observes: "The Arab shepherds now come down to bathe in the Jordan, and our children play there. We talk across the river like we used to do many years ago."

Farther downstream, the war's anniversary was also the beginning of this

HOTEL CONSTRUCTION AT EIN BOKEK



*The biblical name for the region from which King Solomon's ships brought quantities of fine gold.

THE WORLD

year's "summer visit plan." During the next few months, at least 150,000 Arabs will cross over the Allenby Bridge for visits of up to 90 days to the occupied West Bank. To thwart the fedayeen, Israeli guards open even tinned food and examine toothbrushes for explosives. Two-man teams expertly strip trucks down to engine and frame in their search for contraband. Occasionally a suspected guerrilla is turned back.

Non-Israelis who live along the new border have become resentfully resigned to their endless occupation. Residents of Majdal Shams, a Druze town under snow-capped Mount Hermon in the north, are outspoken about their feelings. "Syria is our mother," says Sheik Mahmoud Safadi with patriarchal scorn. "Israel is our stepmother." One complaint appears to be that the Israelis are trying to collect taxes. "We never paid the Syrians, and we won't pay the Israelis," a Druze shopkeeper said indignantly. Yet Arabs are quietly making their own accommodations; they have little choice. In the Gaza Strip, where production of citrus fruit has doubled since 1967, Arab growers have begun to take five-year loans from Israeli banks to finance the additional packinghouses they need.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Death of a Perfectionist

John Paul Vann was a legendary figure in the long history of the U.S. presence in Indochina. A romantic and a perfectionist, he retired from the army in 1963 after a dispute with senior U.S. officials over American policy in South Viet Nam. After returning two years later as a civilian adviser, he conducted the notably successful pacification program in the Mekong Delta with his usual impatience and abrasiveness. Thirteen months ago he became the senior American adviser in the Central Highlands. By the time he died last week in a helicopter crash, while flying by night from his headquarters at Pleiku to the embattled city of Kontum, he had spent nearly ten of his 47 years in South Viet Nam. Two other Americans—the Army pilot and another Army officer—also died in the crash of the chopper.

A short, wiry man with a sharp tongue, Vann had a penchant for being in the thick of the fighting. In late April, two helicopters were shot out from under him before he managed to rescue several American advisers from the surrounded headquarters of the 22nd ARVN Division at Tan Canh. In the last weeks of his life, Vann dedicated himself to the defense of Kontum. "There is nothing else for him now," TIME Correspondent John Mulliken wrote recently, "but the saving of Kontum. Like a French colonial, he has no real ties any more with home. He will live out at least the last of the creative part of his life in Indochina."



VANN IN SOUTH VIET NAM
No real ties any more.

Vann himself seemed to agree. "My entire involvement here," he once said, "has been to try to bring some reason and justice to our effort. One thing is for goddam sure, I'll never be able to get a job anywhere else."

The Delta War

South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu now regards the Mekong Delta as the "main front" of the current war—even though the Delta does not have, in the strictest sense, a battle front. Long considered the country's most secure region, the Delta is crucial to both sides; more than a third of South Viet Nam's population lives there, and it grows 80% of the country's rice. As the conventional war to the north remained stalemated last week, attention shifted to the south, where Communist guerrillas are still waging what TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch calls "a Graham Greene kind of war, of weak outposts overrun at night, of ambushes and infiltration, of contested villages and safe roads suddenly cut." Rauch and TIME Pentagon Correspondent John Mulliken toured the Delta last week. Their report:

The Communist offensive has reduced the government-controlled portion of the region from 90% to about 75%. Out of 5,000 government outposts, 100 have been overrun by the enemy and another 250 have been "consolidated," meaning abandoned. The abandonment of many of these outposts makes sense militarily, but it has drastically affected the pacification program as well as the population's morale.

At one village in Kien Hoa province, for example, the inhabitants, who returned to their homes only last year, had recently harvested their first crops

and held their first local elections in more than a decade. But since February, 500 of the village's 5,000 residents have drifted away because they no longer felt secure.

At the marketplace in Gong Trom, an old woman complained that her nearby village was "no longer quiet." Did she mean that the Viet Cong came from time to time? "Not because they come from time to time," she replied, "but because they're there right now—all the time."

The Viet Cong resurgence in much of the Delta has been made possible by the transfer of ARVN troops to beleaguered regions elsewhere. The veteran 21st Division and one regiment of the 9th Division were pulled out in April to relieve the forces at An Loc; five other regiments in the Delta have been assigned to guard the major infiltration route from Cambodia, where two North Vietnamese divisions are trying to cross the frontier into South Viet Nam. "If I can contain the enemy to the north," says Lieut. General Nguyen Vinh Nghi, 39, commander of Military Region IV (the Delta), "I will have no problem with the forces inside the country."

Planting Time. Nghi has his hands full contending with an estimated 56,000 Communist troops and cadre, despite his numerically superior force. He has 255,000 men under his command, but the majority are the young and inexperienced troops of the Regional and Popular Forces. One outpost manned by Popular Forces was abruptly abandoned when the mother of one of the defenders ran in screaming that 1,000 Viet Cong were about to attack. She simply wanted her son out—and he and the others hastily left.

The hardest-hit province in the Delta is Chuong Thien, near the U Minh Forest, which was cleared of enemy forces by the 21st Division last year but is now a Communist stronghold once more. Four villages and 23 hamlets have been lost in Chuong Thien during the past month, though many were later retaken. The village of Hoa Thuan was held by the Communists for only a short time, but it was long enough for them to murder as many as 20 local officials. "We've lost roughly 25,000 people from such areas," says Colonel John Meese, the senior U.S. adviser in the province. "They have simply dispersed. They'll come back because it's planting time, and they'll come back regardless of who controls them. We have to get back before they do."

When we visited one village in Chuong Thien last week, a young woman told us: "If you journalists from Saigon would bring us peace, I would prostrate myself for a month. In fact, I would kill a pig and give you a feast." The interpreter raised his right hand and said, "Brothers, I wish peace for you all." Immediately two other hands went up, the first clenched, and everybody said it: "Hoa binh. Peace."

In some overrun hamlets, the Com-



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Tenneco

THE WORLD

munists are imposing a tax of two-thirds on this year's rice crop—up from 50% a year ago, a trend that apparently indicates growing confidence. "They are trying to reoccupy villages and hamlets where they used to work," says Colonel Duong Hieu Nghia, the Vinh Long province chief. "They are preparing for a cease-fire. They want to be in place if it comes, and ready if it does not."

SOVIET UNION

A Poet's Second Exile

One of the passengers in the plane-loads of Soviet Jews who disembarked at Vienna airport last week was a bewildered young man of 32 who declared: "They have simply kicked me out of my country, using the Jewish issue as an excuse." The reluctant expatriate was Joseph Brodsky, who is widely regarded in Russia and the West as one of the U.S.S.R.'s finest poets.

Brodsky's expulsion was puzzling. The Soviets have sometimes "invited" Jews and non-Jews whom they regard as troublemakers to leave Russia. But Brodsky—who is Jewish—is not an active dissident, a Zionist or a political poet. Last month he was simply summoned by the Soviet secret police and told that he must leave Russia or "things would become worse." It was a threat that could not be ignored. He was forced to leave behind his elderly parents and his young son, who is in the custody of the child's mother. His departure seemed to fulfill the prophecy he made in a 1965 poem, alluding to Karl Marx's famous phrase:

*Adieu to the prophet who said:
"Forsooth,
you've nothing to lose but your
chains." In truth
there's also your conscience—no
trivial thing.*

His expulsion appeared to be the culmination of an inexplicable secret-police vendetta against him that has been going on for over a decade. In 1964, he was the victim of a trumped-up trial in Leningrad. He was accused of writing poetry—adjudged "gibberish" by the court—instead of engaging in "honest work." He was also attacked in the press for allegedly "nurturing a plan" to steal a plane and fly abroad. Sentenced to five years at hard labor in the Soviet far north, Brodsky became a *cause célèbre* in Russia and the West. Released after 18 months, he was still unable to find Soviet publishers for his lyrics, which the great Russian poet Anna Akhmatova, who died in 1966, described as "magical." In a poem written in exile Brodsky said:

*I sailed with honor,
but my frail craft
wounded its side
on a jagged reef.*



JOSEPH BRODSKY IN VIENNA
There is also conscience.

In Vienna last week, Brodsky was invited by Poet W.H. Auden to visit his country house outside the city. Auden had only recently praised Brodsky as "a poet of the first order, of whom his country should be proud." Next fall Brodsky will be poet-in-residence at the University of Michigan, and a collection of his verse will be published in English translation by Penguin Books.

The prospects cheered Brodsky. Drinking Coca-Cola in a Vienna café, the sturdy, red-haired young poet grinned while cracking a pun in English: "I'm neither a refugee, nor a refugee." He added: "I'm not bitter or angry about what happened to me. I see it as a test of my ability to endure."

Most of the scientists, writers and artists who have been told to leave

by the Soviets have—unlike Brodsky—been militant dissidents. The Soviets evidently reasoned that it was less trouble to force them out than to risk the embarrassment of arrests and trials. One of the most recent exiles is Alexander Yessenin-Volpin, 47, a renowned mathematical logician, and a former leader of the dissident movement in Russia. The son of the Russian poet Sergei Yessenin and a Jewish mother, the mathematician was pressured to leave after serving terms in a Stalinist concentration camp and, later, in prison lunatic asylums. He is now in Rome and hopes to come to the U.S. to teach.

Acid Holes. Another expatriate in Rome, Painter Yuri Titov, 44, last week was desperately trying to save some of the 62 pictures he took out of Russia last month. Titov and his wife—both members of a group called the "Democratic Movement"—had departed Moscow only after "it became absolutely impossible for us to live there any longer," and had insisted on taking the pictures with them. After the paintings had cleared Soviet customs in Moscow and been put aboard an Aeroflot plane, acid was surreptitiously poured on the painted surfaces of the Christ figures, Crucifixions and icons that are Titov's specialty. Shortly thereafter, the pictures developed huge holes, and the colors merged into blobs of paint. Titov, who was once committed to a Soviet mental institution for his religious beliefs, commented sadly: "The Soviet authorities tried to make sure that no one outside the Soviet Union would ever see my paintings."

COMMUNISTS

Heretic's Homecoming

For years he was reviled as an arch-traitor of Communism, the heretic who destroyed the unity of the Marxist faith. But last week, in a dramatic culmination of a historic reversal of Soviet policy, Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito was treated to a hero's welcome in Moscow. At a state dinner in Tito's honor, Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev did not even allude to the earlier disagreements that led to the 1948 break between Stalin and Tito. Instead, Brezhnev praised Tito for "your friendly attitude toward our country." In perhaps the most ironic turnabout of all, Tito, who reached 80 last month, was awarded the Order of Lenin, the highest Soviet decoration, which is reserved for the Communist faithful. It was more or less as if Pope Leo X had conferred Rome's blessings upon Martin Luther.

Twice before, the Soviets have made major efforts to win back Yugoslavia, but each time those overtures collapsed because of troubles within the East bloc. This time the Soviets seem more determined than ever, at least in part because Yugoslavia's independent brand of Marxism exerts an unsettling influ-

TITOV & DESTROYED PAINTING



How to tell your son the facts of drinking.



He's almost old enough now. And as a parent, you know he's going to be tempted. If you seem anxious or overly concerned when you talk to him, he might think you're trying to keep him from something he should know about.

It's quite a responsibility for you. Because what you tell him, and how you tell him, will be with him for the rest of his life.

Tell him first that you love him and trust him.

Then tell him that, in a sense, you've been teaching him about drinking all his life. Because you've been teaching him the idea of moderation in everything. Including the products we sell. And you've been doing the most important job of all: showing him moderation by your example.

And also tell him that the legal drinking age is a law that's there to be obeyed. After all, whiskey is a pleasure that should be reserved for people who are old enough to enjoy it sensibly.

Tell him that. So if and when he chooses to drink, he'll do it when he's old enough to enjoy it sensibly, moderately and maturely.

Tell him all that. Because if you don't, somebody else might not.

A Father's Day message from
Seagram/distillers since 1857.

THE WORLD

ence upon the rest of Eastern Europe.

Moscow is also motivated by a desire to consolidate its position in Europe as a preparatory step to the Conference on European Security. Owing to the growth of Soviet seapower, Yugoslavia is strategically far more important than ever to Moscow, which wants a naval base on the Adriatic for its warships in the Mediterranean. The Soviets also seek to reassert their former "elder brother" status in Yugoslavia so that they will have a direct influence in the maneuvering that is bound to follow Tito's death or retirement.

The Yugoslavs are fully aware of the Russian motives. Nonetheless, they believe that the timing is promising for improving relations with Moscow without sacrificing their own unique political and economic system. The Yugoslavs would like to sell more goods to Russia in return for technical equipment and raw materials. Now, they feel, the Soviets could not put undue pressure on them for political concessions without jeopardizing Moscow's policy of *détente* with the West.

Fidel on the Road

Moscow's next ranking Communist guest will be Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro. Some time this month he is due to begin a two-week tour of the Soviet Union, climaxing a two-month hegira that has already carried him through six African and East European countries. During his talks in the Kremlin, Castro will doubtless discuss continuation of Soviet aid to Cuba (more than \$1.5 million per day) with—just conceivably—a new emphasis by the Soviets on what Cuba can do for them in the new era of *détente*.

That possibility, and Castro's own shenanigans, produced some fascinating speculation. For a while, it was the usual hyperenergetic Castro road show, right down to the impromptu games that Fidel would organize whenever his itinerary took him past a basketball court. But when he arrived in Warsaw, an ambulance waited outside the Council of Ministers Building during the official reception. From then on, Castro's main sport was batting down stories that he was suffering from a heart condition. During a tour of a school he protested to newsmen, "I have a heart of steel! Some day it will fail me, but today I have a heart of steel!"

Diplomatic illness. It was possible that Castro, who is a bit paunchy at 45, was "simply tired," as Polish government spokesmen insisted. But then there was the theory, endorsed by some European newspapers, that Castro was suffering a diplomatic illness meant to convey his unhappiness at a possible attempt by Polish officials to arrange a meeting between him and Richard Nixon, who had passed through Warsaw a few days earlier.

Though officials in Washington and Warsaw denied it, it was an intriguing



CASTRO SCORING IN BULGARIA

theory. On the formal diplomatic level, U.S. policy is still frosty toward Castro—and toward an attempt by Peru's left-wing military regime to reinstate Cuba in the Organization of American States. Last week the OAS voted 13 to 7 (with three abstentions) against a Peruvian proposal that each member be permitted to decide independently whether to resume relations with Havana. Along with most OAS members, Washington is opposed to a reconciliation unless and until Castro agrees to behave more "responsibly"—that is, to stop sending subversives into Latin America.

Though Castro has been abusive as ever toward the U.S. and the OAS, longtime observers now sense that his tune could change quickly—if Moscow were to order it and if Washington were to come across with an agreement to, say, give up the Navy's obsolete base at Guantánamo and invite Cuba back into the lucrative U.S. sugar quota system.

WEST BERLIN

Test Drive

The historic Big Four agreement signed two weeks ago in West Berlin guarantees the unimpeded flow of goods and travelers between the former German capital and West Germany, 110 miles away. TIME's Kenneth Danforth was one of the first motorists to test the new arrangements. He found:

► A drastic reduction in formalities. There were no searches, no papers to sign, no lines to stand in. Non-Germans must pay a transit fee (\$1.58), but Germans pass through at no cost.

► New politeness on the part of the previously hostile East German border guards. Instead of their martial jackboots, the guards have changed to civilian-style shoes. There was a reassuring absence of submachine guns.

► An easy exit. Rather than questions at the end of the East German *Autobahn*, Danforth's passport was quickly stamped, and he was allowed to drive unhindered into West Germany.

Danforth's trip took only 2½ hours, v. an average four in the past.

SOUTH AFRICA

Blood and Batons

On the steps of St. George's Anglican Cathedral in Cape Town, 100 South African students gathered last week to hold a demonstration against *apartheid* and specifically against segregated university education. As a student picked up a loudspeaker, a policeman stepped forward and warned him not to speak. The meeting was peaceful but illegal because the students had not obtained permission, under the Riotous Assemblies Act, to hold a demonstration.

Suddenly a scuffle started, and 50 cops with rubber truncheons charged the group, beating students on their

POLICE DOG ATTACKING STUDENT AT CAPE TOWN UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATION



The latest gimmick at Maxine's
Massage Parlor is to offer customers
her own brand of roll-your-own
filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be smoking
Maxine's roll-your-own filter cigarettes

...almost everybody.



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Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

**Uniroyal has made
20,000,000
steel-belted radials
world-wide.**

**More than all other
American tire manufacturers
put together.**

**A superior type of tire,
but more difficult to make.**

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly. In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is Michelin. Nobody else comes close.

A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung, tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe. These 3 received the highest ratings:

Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN 2X (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 (81)	49 (70)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 (74)	57 (81)	62 (89)
END RESULT	164	162	159
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158).	9th, Phoenix P 110 Ti, fabric (132).
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147).	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131).
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137).	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131).
6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137).	12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130).
8th, Dunlop SP 57 F, fabric (136).	13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128).

NOTE: Since these test results were published, we understand that the Conti TS 771 and the Metzeler Monza Steel have been changed; also that Phoenix and Pirelli have introduced new steel-belted radials. However, Auto Zeitung Magazine has not yet compared these tires with the Uniroyal 180.

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the 1971 Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M.

This tire is being produced in the United States.



When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report? Send 25c to Dept. GP5, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.





Luxury isn't only for the rich.

It only seems that way.
What really matters in buying a luxury car is not how rich you are.

But how smart you are.

For the fact that a car costs \$5,000 and pleases the eye with plush carpets and sumptuous seats is no guarantee that it's a luxury car.

It may lavish you with anything but elegant behavior.

By being so insatiably thirsty, it can't go more than 12 miles a gallon.

By being so needlessly long, it can't park everywhere you'd like it to park.

By being warranted for only 12 months or 12,000 miles, it may abandon you one day in a morass of repair bills.

The trick is to know a sensible luxury car when you see one.

You're seeing two on this page.

The Volkswagen 411 four-Door Sedan. And the Volkswagen 411 Wagon.

Like any self-respecting luxury car, the VW 411 has smart styling, plush interiors and a comfortable ride.

It also has the kind of features you'd expect to find in a luxury car.

As standard equipment.

Such as an automatic transmission.

Steel-belted radial tires. Front disc brakes. Rear-window defogger. Metallic paint. Electric clock. (And more.)

It even has two features you won't find in any domestic luxury car at any price:

Electronic fuel injection.

And a timed preheating system. (It heats up the inside of the 411 for you in winter. Without you having to run the engine or sit in the car.)

The VW 411 is also one luxury car that treats you sensibly on the road.

By keeping you out of gas stations to the tune of about 20 miles a gallon.

By navigating you very easily into any normal parking space.

By standing by you twice as long as any domestic car. With a 24 month/24,000 mile warranty.*

And by providing you with the most advanced automotive service system in the world. Courtesy of a built-in network of probes and sensors that can tell a computer (coming to VW dealers later this year) how well the 411's systems are working.



Indeed, luxury isn't only for the rich.

It's also for the wise.

*If an owner maintains and services this vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule, any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, except normal wear and tear and service items, will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details. Volkswagen of America, Inc.

heads, backs and legs and hitting out at passers-by and journalists. Even a few plainclothes policemen were beaten. Several students tried to take shelter inside the church, but were dragged back into the street by police.

The police violence shocked students and the public alike and led to a series of angry demonstrations on most of the country's white university campuses. In Johannesburg, students carried placards that read, BLOOD, BAYONS, BRUTALITY AND WE WILL NOT BE BEATEN. In Cape Town, 400 students held another protest meeting on the cathedral steps and attracted 10,000 spectators. This time police broke up the meeting with tear gas but carefully kept their truncheons in their belts.

First Victim. At still another meeting, police turned their dogs loose on a group of students. To the cops' embarrassment, however, one of the dogs' first victims was a Supreme Court judge, Mr. Justice Marius Diermont, who was bitten on the hand while trying to ask students to disperse.

As criticism mounted, Prime Minister John Vorster told Parliament: "If the police had not acted in this way, I would have been disappointed in them." His Minister of Police, S. Lourens Mulder, declared that the demonstrations were "in line with Communist aims of bringing about a change in the South African way of life." The trouble was really caused, he implied, by students from "Northern Ireland, Britain, Rhodesia, Zambia and Mauritius."

In fact, the demonstrators were mostly South African students who have been protesting against inequality in education since 1959, when blacks were barred from white universities. As usual, Mrs. Helen Suzman, the tiny Progressive Party's only Member of Parliament, had an answer for the government. The Prime Minister, she told a meeting in Cape Town, was "by nature a policeman himself—never so happy as when he was, metaphorically speaking, wielding a truncheon." The trouble between students and government could hardly be settled, she added, as long as the ruling National Party continued to insist that the demonstrations were "engineered by Communists and subversives."

RHODESIA

Disaster at Wankie

A cable car was hurled like a giant cannonball from the No. 2 mine shaft of the Wankie Colliery in northwestern Rhodesia, burning a row of papaya trees before it came to rest 50 yds. away. That was the first sign of the disaster. An explosion, possibly emanating from a dynamite magazine, had devastated the major shaft of the mine that produced all of Rhodesia's coal. On or near the surface, four men were killed instantly. Hundreds of feet below, 426 miners

—390 of them black, 36 white—were trapped amid rock and deadly methane and carbon monoxide fumes.

For 15 hours, rescue operations were tragically hampered by gases seeping from the minehead. Police urged a crowd of moaning African women to move out of range. Eventually the officers of the colliery, which is owned by the AngloAmerican Corp. of South Africa, decided to clear the shaft by pumping air in to push the fumes deeper into the mine; the decision permitted the rescue effort to begin but inevitably reduced the chance of finding anyone alive.

There was never any sign of life in the three-mile tunnel. Rescue teams lis-

tened in vain for "pipe talk," the tapping of men who have somehow found sanctuary in pockets of fresh air. On the third day, the mine's manager, Sir Keith Acutt, announced that all hope was lost, adding, a bit speciously, that indications were that the missing men had "died instantaneously and were not aware of what had happened." The final death toll is expected to exceed 430, making Wankie the fifth worst coal-mining disaster in history.* At the minehead, the wailing of the African women continued.

*The worst: Honkeiko Colliery, Manchuria, 1942, 1,549 dead; Courrières, France, 1906, 1,060; Hogo Colliery, Japan, 1914, 687; Omuta, Japan, 1963, 458 dead.



The Big Ten Looks Like Amateur Night

DETENTE on the Korea Peninsula proceeds at a glacial pace. Last week, after eight months of preliminary talks, the Red Cross organizations of the two Koreas finally agreed to an agenda for discussions this summer on the reuniting of families separated by the division of the country after World War II, 27 years ago. Even that was judged a significant breakthrough. Earlier, in a conversation with the New York Times's Harrison Salisbury, Premier Kim Il Sung reiterated his demand for a complete withdrawal of the U.S.'s 43,000 troops from South Korea as a precondition of resuming normal relations.

Salisbury found in Pyongyang an extraordinary atmosphere of suspicion after two decades of isolation. The U.S., he reported, is portrayed as a "hawk-beaked, claw-fingered predator 'aggressor' with North Ko-

rea as its special target." Like the Chinese, the North Koreans have mastered the art of grandstand spectacle, in part to get across their revolutionary message. This one (above) was occasioned by the official visit of Major General Mohamed Siad Barre, the President of the Somali Republic.

In the stadium stands, thousands of youngsters flipped color cards to form a pictorial backdrop for another 45,000 youngsters performing ballet and theatrical maneuvers, including realistic battle scenes from the Korean War. Thousands of other Pyongyang residents, carrying pink paper flowers, watched the spectacle. "The two-hour performance included a series of nearly 200 mosaics," wrote Salisbury, "that made those half-time card spectacles at Big Ten football games look like amateur night."

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

Exit Sato

What with the rough domestic and international weather that has hit the regime of Japan's Premier Eisaku Sato, 71, it has been clear for months that he has been waiting only for the proper moment to retire. Now that one of his central ambitions—the reversion of Okinawa to Japanese control—is an accomplished fact (TIME, May 22), Sato has evidently decided that the moment has come. The word is out in Tokyo that he will announce the close of his eight-year premiership to a caucus of his Liberal Democratic parliamentary majority late this week. He is expected to ask the party to convene a congress and to select a new leader who will become the Premier.

The recent controversies over domestic priorities and Japan's U.S.-oriented foreign policy have notably decreased Sato's ability to determine his successor. Foreign Minister Takeo Fukuda, whom Sato had groomed as the heir apparent, cut short a trip to Seoul scheduled for this week in order to be on hand for Sato's announcement. It will signal what promises to be a struggle for the succession among Fukuda and three rivals: Trade Minister Kakuei Tanaka, a construction millionaire who is the main threat to Fukuda's hopes, and two former Foreign Ministers, Masayoshi Ohira and Takeo Miki.

Bucharest Embarrassed

Romania's President Nicolae Ceausescu, the only Soviet bloc leader to have visited both Disneyland and Peking, is justly famed for his independent foreign policy. Still, he has problems.

Tokyo is in a swivel over Ceausescu's abrupt cancellation of a visit to Japan that had been planned for early this month. Ceausescu begged off, lamely claiming that he was simply too busy.



EISAKU SATO

An eight-year stewardship ending in a fight for the succession.



KAKUEI TANAKA



TAKEO FUKUDA

He cited Fidel Castro's impending Rumanian tour in late May and the need to prepare for a party conference coming up in July, but the Japanese are unconvinced. They suspect that Ceausescu, who talked to a dissident Japanese politician in Bucharest early last month, simply decided that it would be better to wait and deal later with whoever succeeds lame duck Premier Eisaku Sato.

The Japanese also detect the hand of the Chinese in the affair. Just before the cancellation, a high Rumanian party official named Emil Bodnarus returned to Bucharest from a visit to Peking. Reportedly he brought word of a deep Chinese suspicion that Sato would try to score some points in Japanese domestic politics by getting Ceausescu to act as his go-between in Peking, which has turned aside Sato's efforts to improve Sino-Japanese relations. The result has been ill feeling in Tokyo, embarrassment in Bucharest, and no doubt satisfaction in Peking.

Pompidou complained that his neighbors had paid insufficient heed to France's proposals for a common industrial policy and a coordinated approach to developing countries. But his main peeve seemed to be a lack of urgency that Europe should "find her place, her personality, her influence in the world again." Part of the remedy, Pompidou's spokesman later emphasized, would be the establishment of a Common Market political capital in non-NATO Paris—far from Brussels, which is top-heavy with economists and in French eyes tainted with American influence. "If this is not a crisis," the spokesman added, echoing his boss, "then we are not very far from one."

Peking 72, Taipei 52

Last week's announcement that the Communist regime in Peking and Premier George Papadopoulos' right-wing colonels in Athens had agreed to exchange ambassadors was hardly calculated to please dyed-in-the-silk Maoists round the world. Nor will the word, expected soon, that Peking will recognize the Franco regime in Spain.

But China's foreign policy has other goals. Partly, it aims to end the kind of isolation that might tempt a potential enemy, namely the Soviet Union, to believe that Peking could be shoved around with diplomatic impunity. It is also designed to push Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime into the tightest possible diplomatic corner.

On both counts, the Chinese drive has been a success. In the past year, the number of countries that have diplomatic relations with Peking has grown from 54 to 72, while Taipei's recognition roster has declined from 62 to 52. Besides the U.S., which still maintains relations with Taipei even though the Nixon trip did give a kind of *de facto* recognition to Peking, the only front-rank industrial country remaining on Taiwan's list is Japan.

Le Grand Georges

If France's Common Market neighbors thought that life with President Georges Pompidou would be easier than it was with Charles de Gaulle, they had cause last week to think again. In a blunt conversation with visiting Belgian Premier Gaston Eyskens, Pompidou made it clear that where Europe is concerned, he can be as intransigent as *le grand Charles*. Telling Eyskens that "I'm giving it to you off the cuff, as General de Gaulle used to do," Pompidou reeled off what he saw as "numerous obstacles" to next October's Paris summit, at which the ten leaders of the expanded Common Market are to hold their first meeting.



CEAUSESCU WITH CHOU EN-LAI (1971)
Tokyo was in a swivel.



“Paris? This weekend?
I love you.”

One sure way to a woman's heart is through Paris. And we feel pretty good if we can help make it happen by telephone.

So we're forever searching for new and better ways to make telephone products.

For example, we've developed ways to use magnetism to help us make, move and test tiny electronic components. Magnets hold them in place. Prevent damage. And help reduce costs.

We're Western Electric — at the heart of the Bell System. And magnetism is one of many ways we've found to draw people closer.



Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

Monte Carlo. Luxury and

In the bluegrass country around Lexington, Kentucky, some of America's finest thoroughbreds are raised. The horse people will tell you that if you match the speed and endurance of one great horse with the strength and spirit of another, you'll have a good chance of breeding a champion.

The best of two breeds.

The Chevrolet Monte Carlo is designed with the same idea in mind. It matches the spirit of a sports car

with the comfort of a luxury car. And judging by Monte Carlo's popularity, the combination is proving to be just right.

To give it the feel of a sports car, Monte Carlo is mounted on a maneuverable 116-inch wheelbase and stable 5-foot track. There's a responsive 350-cubic-inch V8 engine, along with the convenience of power front disc brakes and variable-ratio power steering... all standard. Put all this with Full Coil suspension and

Monte Carlo near Lexington, Kentucky.



Chevrolet. Building a

spirit bred into a single car.

you have spirit and smooth, quiet, agile handling.


And to give it the feel of a luxury car, there are thick foam-cushioned seats covered in rich upholstery. A ventilation system that lets you change interior air without opening the windows. Even thoughtful touches like assist grips and carpeting on the door panels.

No luxury price here.

Other cars have tried to combine luxury and spirit.

But they've ended up being priced many hundreds of dollars higher than Monte Carlo. That's why you might call it America's most attainable luxury car.

For your best way ever to get out and see the U.S.A., see your Chevrolet dealer soon. He can show you all the reasons why Monte Carlo is a breed of its own.



Chevrolet

Heavy safety begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.



better way to see the U.S.A.

Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos—specially softened for milder taste.



The background of the advertisement features a man and a woman standing in a field of tall grass. The woman, on the left, is wearing a yellow dress and a Timex watch, and is looking down at a cigarette in her hand. The man, on the right, is wearing a light-colored shirt and is looking at her. In the foreground, there are several packs of Raleigh cigarettes. One pack is standing upright, showing the 'Raleigh' brand name and a portrait of a man. Another pack is lying flat, showing the 'B&W RALEIGH' brand name. A small card is also visible, which is a coupon for a Timex watch. The card has the text: 'ONE ON B&W RALEIGH CIGARETTES. Receive \$5.00 coupon for a Timex watch. See your local Raleigh dealer for details. Good in U.S. only. Expires 12/31/71. 14-000'.

That beautiful Timex watch she's wearing can be yours for free B&W Raleigh coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

For your free Gift Catalog, write Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

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PEOPLE

Jittery after a jostling by crowds in Europe, Mrs. **Jacqueline Onassis** avoided last year's gala opening of the Kennedy Center in Washington and the world premiere of *Mass*, the work she had asked **Leonard Bernstein** to write for the occasion. But when *Mass* was presented again in Washington, she came, smiled brightly through a standing ovation and pronounced the center "beautiful, just beautiful." Next day, on the fourth anniversary of the death of Senator **Robert F. Kennedy**, she made the painful trip to Arlington National Cemetery and stood with tears in her eyes while Kennedy family members took part in a memorial service at the grave. The Kennedys then walked slowly up the hill to the spot where **John Kennedy** is buried; his daughter **Caroline**, now 14, laid a rose on the granite tombstone.

"If he goes on welfare or gets a job, well I'll bounce him," promised a Canadian immigration official. Small chance that wandering Billionaire **Howard Hughes** would do either. Hughes therefore won a visitor's permit to stay in Canada until June 2, 1973, without even making the required trip to the Immigration Service for an interview. Instead, an official of the agency visited the recluse at his Vancouver hotel. When asked how Hughes likes life in Canada, the immigration agent replied, "How did he like it in Las Vegas? How did he like it in the Bahamas? How did he like it in Nicaragua? How should he know? He never goes outside."

"Oh," bubbled **Alexis Smith** to **Lana Turner**, "it's so sentimental and sweet. Just like the days of the Hollywood Canteen." With one exception, perhaps. At the World War II canteen, movie stars used to serve coffee and dance with G.I.s on leave, but now, **Bette Davis** remarked, "men don't dance any more." That said, Bette spent most of the evening on the dance floor, explaining, "I just dance. I don't know what the dance is, but then I've never known." **Jane Russell**

sell knew: she led a lurching conga line through Manhattan's Roseland Dance City. It was a benefit for Phoenix House, a New York drug rehabilitation center, which earned more than \$35,000 from the affair. "It's thrilling to see that drug addiction has become so chic," said Comic **Alan King**. Then a celebrity-sprinkled crowd of 1,500, some in costumes of the '40s, applauded a constellation of stars who were the '40s: **Ruby Keeler**, **Myrna Loy**, **Jane Withers**, **Patsy Kelly**, **Joan Bennett**, **Claudette Colbert**, **Arlene Francis**, **Lena Horne**. "Didn't they all look great?" asked ex-Hoofer **Dan Dailey**. "Mind you, there was a lot of mileage up there."

In Washington for a booksellers' convention, the Oakland Raiders' middle-aged (44) Quarterback **George Blanda** plugged his ghosted biography, *Blanda, Alive and Kicking*, with a few kicks at other players. On **Joe Namath** and his \$250,000 salary demand: "Nobody's worth that much. He hasn't played for the past two years." On former Teammate **Chip Oliver**, who quit the pro game to join a hippie commune: "He claims he once kicked a 75-yard field goal while high on mescaline. Hell, I punted a ball 86 yards against Tennessee—at the time I was high on Polish sausage."

Where was **Frank Sinatra**? The House Select Committee on Crime wanted to ask him some questions about his part-ownership of the Berkshire Downs race track in Massachusetts during the early 1960s, when other part-owners included two Mafia leaders. But when the committee tried to serve a subpoena on Sinatra, it couldn't find the fast-moving horseman, who turned up in London—to attend some races. He was seen at dinner with Composer **Frederick Loewe** (*My Fair Lady*), but then checked out of his hotel for points unknown. Said a hotel spokesman: "Frank Sinatra is not here physically, mentally, spiritually or in any other way."



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS ON STAGE

"It was excruciating."

"I've always wanted to be up there in front of the audience," admitted Playwright **Tennessee Williams**, 61. He got his chance last week, when the role of the hard-drinking doctor in Williams' *Small Craft Warnings* fell vacant for three evenings in an off-Broadway production. Nothing daunted, the author donned grease paint and made his stage debut. Later, he turned up onstage again for a question-and-answer session with the audience. "Could you hear me back there?" he asked worriedly. "Sometimes," was the consensus. Williams' verdict: "It was excruciating. I never want to do it again."

Emperor **Hirohito** of Japan had never seen anything quite like it. Before him stood **Seiji Ozawa**, 36, peripatetic conductor of the Japan Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony, and next year the Boston Symphony—dressed in turtleneck shirt, black pants, beaded necklace and a pair of dark butterfly glasses (to conceal a bad case of hives). Ozawa accepted an award from the Japanese Academy of Arts, then turned to the Emperor and pleaded: "Your Majesty, please help the Japan Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. My orchestra is on the verge of being driven out of existence because of financial difficulties." Before World War II such an act of *lèse-majesté* was punishable by death. The Emperor only nodded slightly and said nothing.

LANA TURNER BRINGS BACK THE 1940S

BETTE DAVIS TRIES OUT A DANCE STEP

JANE RUSSELL LEADS A CONGA LINE



THE PRESS

Prohibitive Postage

The announcement from the Postal Rate Commission called it a "landmark decision." For the magazine industry and some newspapers, last week's ruling certainly stands out—like a mausoleum with the logotypes of many publications on it. The commission, while it cut back proposed rate increases in a number of mail categories, approved most of a second-class postage raise so huge that it threatens the survival of some magazines and the health of many more (see *ESSAY*).

The U.S. Postal Service had originally requested a second-class increase that amounted to nearly 150% spread over five years. The first installment took effect last spring on a "temporary" basis while the hearing and approval process went forward. A Postal Rate Commission examiner went along with the proposal over the publishing industry's vehement objections (*TIME*, Feb. 21), and last week it was the turn of the full commission to rule. It shaved the second-class increase down to an average of 127%, or from about \$193.5 million to \$172 million when fully effective in 1976. The nine governors of the Postal Service are expected to approve the 127% figure this month.

Hill Help. Publishers reacted angrily. Stephen Kelly, president of the Magazine Publishers Association, damned the increases as "prohibitive" and predicted that the industry could not absorb the increases "without suffering an enormous loss." Time Inc. Board Chairman Andrew Heiskell charged that the increases would have "a devastating effect," and urged that Congress act before the Postal Service "delivers an irreparable blow to publishers and readers." *Newsweek* Board Chairman Osborn Elliott said that the action "flies in the face of one of the clear intents of Congress, which was to assure the vitality of magazines as a force for unity."

The publishers can look to Capitol Hill for at least some moral support. This week Arizona Democrat Morris Udall will preside at House Postal Service subcommittee hearings that will take testimony from industry spokesmen. At present, no rate legislation is pending, although the publishers have begun to lobby for such a bill.

Once the governors of the Postal Service act on the Rate Commission recommendations, the decision can be appealed to federal court. The publishers can attempt to prove, in effect, that the size of the increase violates the legislation that created the new Postal Service. But while that is being fought out, the higher rates would remain in effect. To add to the publishers' gloom, there were reports that the Postal Service is planning to ask for new, across-the-board increases next year.

Short Takes

► How many votes do newspaper endorsements mean to a candidate? No one can be sure, but certainly a series of four laudatory front-page editorials in one of Texas' largest newspapers gave William Hobby, 40, a boost as he campaigned for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor. The last editorial in the *Houston Post* (circ. 295,000) appeared the morning of the runoff, which Hobby won easily. There were two curious things about the *Post*'s quadruple blessing of Hobby: the paper declined to take a stand on any of the other statewide contests, and it neglected to mention Hobby's position as president and executive editor of the *Post*. His mother, Oveta Culp Hobby, 67, also happens to own the paper and sit on its editorial board. Said the winner: "I didn't have to give any instructions to ensure that the paper would handle this race fairly. This is a highly professional newsgathering operation."

► Until last fall, Joe Eszterhas, 27, was a bright and sassy reporter for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Then he was fired for having written a piece in *Evergreen Review* that criticized his paper, himself and all others concerned with the merchandising of Ronald Haebler's exclusive photographs of the My Lai massacre.* Eszterhas, backed by the American Newspaper Guild, protested the dismissal, and the case went to Arbitrator Calvin L. McCoy for judgment. In ruling against Eszterhas, McCoy

*The *Plain Dealer* first published the photos. Haebler, with Eszterhas' help, then sold the photos to *LIT*.



WINNER WILLIAM HOBBY & MOTHER
A professional operation.

asked: "Can you bite the hand that feeds you and insist on staying for future banquets?" Eszterhas, now writing for *Rolling Stone*, maintained that the *Plain Dealer* "hired me to do a job for 40 hours a week and I did that job. But outside that job I have rights as a human being, and when something strikes my conscience, I have a right to speak out."

► Years ago, when Sydney Gruson was running the now defunct *New York Times* international edition from Paris, his wife, Flora Lewis, sometimes used the telephone, office facilities and chauffeur-driven car of the paper's Paris bureau. In the absence of the bureau chief, she would sometimes occupy his private office—a practice that ended when one of the correspondents installed a special lock. The arrangement was curious because Lewis, a skilled journalist of wide experience, was then writing a column for *Newsday*. The couple then returned to New York, where he became a *Times* vice president and she continued with *Newsday*.

Now the Grusons have separated and, effective July 1, Lewis becomes chief of the *Times* Paris bureau. A number of jaws went slack at the news that an "outsider" was moving into one of the paper's choicest overseas jobs. "It is an unusual situation," conceded Foreign Editor James Greenfield, while denying rumors that the appointment had caused a mini-revolt. A few local employees of the bureau consulted their union about whether they could resign as a group without violating their contract. (They could not.) Correspondent John Hess—the chap who had locked the door—asked for and received a transfer back to New York. Was Lewis concerned about the rumblings? Said she: "I'm not worried."



NEW BUREAU CHIEF LEWIS
Opening the lock.

CANADA AT ITS BEST



Canada at its best is the fishing villages, nestled amid the still coves and quiet inlets of Nova Scotia, Canada. A kind of softness in the air. Like the smooth, light mellowness of this great Canadian whisky. You can taste it. Tonight. Try the fastest growing whisky south of the Canadian border.

CANADIAN MIST

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Give one of the world's great fathers one of the world's great tastes.

Now you can give Old Forester in the new gallon barrel. Sure it's a pretty special gift. But then your father is a pretty special guy.

So treat him to more than just

another gift. Give him one of the world's great tastes.

In 86 or 100 proof, "There is nothing better in the market!"

Available in 37 states plus D.C.



Postal Increases: Publish and/or Perish

THE only thing a nickel will still buy is idea power. It emanates from that great Georgian monolith, the U.S. Postal Service, which until last year charged 2.48¢ to deliver a 7.6-oz. magazine to its readers. Two copies distributed for a nickel—the greatest bargain in power since the Tennessee Valley Authority. A steal? Postal authorities think so, and they say that it is time to stop the rip-off. So, in addition to increasing the cost of first- and third-class mail, they are currently escalating second-class (magazine and newspaper) rates by an average 127% over five years (see *THE PRESS*). If a raise anywhere near that size takes effect, nickel power will end—and with it, a profound phase of American history.

Two centuries ago, George Washington addressed himself to the critical subject of public information. Citizens, he said, were "on a pivot, and the touch of a feather would turn them away . . . Let us bind these people to us with a chain that can never be broken." The chain was the Post Office, providing intelligence to the most remote outposts.

In 1971, Congress issued a statement of Washingtonian resonance: "The Postal Service shall have as its basic function the obligation to provide postal services to bind the nation together through the personal, educational, literary and business correspondence of the people." Note the common word bind. Suddenly that vital concept is threatened. For with the abrupt increase in rates, the binding would weaken or break. Many a magazine would disappear.

Those unfamiliar with the field may suspect that magazine publishers are simply crying wolf, that they could, if necessary, pass the extra cost on to readers or advertisers. But in an era of rising costs, many readers are unwilling to absorb a disproportionate hike in price. As every circulation manager can testify, a steep increase in subscription rate invariably means a lowering of circulation. Yet it is the size of their marketplace that permits America's big magazines to assemble large, highly skilled staffs and broad research and technical facilities and to produce quality editorial material at low cost per copy. Such magazines are part of America's vast educational network.

The present economics of advertising also argue against drastic increases in the cost of space. Crimped in audience and resources, national journalism would cease to be truly national and society would lose a medium crucial to understanding the complexities of contemporary life. Publications now affluent—scarce these days in any event—might survive by making cruel sacrifices of quality. In the end they would seem distant, poor relations of today's better periodicals. Others already struggling to survive would simply go under.

The choir of protest—not surprisingly—has joined some very disparate plaintiffs. Billy Graham, defending the religious press, asks: "Is the Post Office Department, in the name of economy or efficiency or what have you, attempting to tax the exercise of religious freedom?" Jerome A. Barron, incoming dean of the Syracuse University law school, feels that the large increase may be unconstitutional. "Public information seems to be at stake here," he says. "If periodicals whose very life is ideas must perish because the price of Government-assessed distribution through the mails makes continued publication ruinous, I believe that the question of the affirmative responsibility of Government to implement First Amendment values is directly raised."

Commentary and the *New York Review of Books* disagree on almost everything from politics to esthetics; their condemnation of the increase is just about their sole display of unanimity. Kent Rhodes, executive vice president of the *Reader's Digest*, finds that "the rates as proposed cannot be justified." Paul Krassner, editor of the rakehell *Realist*, sees the escalation as nothing less than Government repression.

Comforting as this conspiracy theory is for the new apoc-

alypticians, the U.S. Postal Service has no plan for wrecking the Bill of Rights. It merely seeks to act in a brisk, businesslike fashion. James W. Hargrove, former senior Assistant Postmaster General, put it succinctly: "The very large increases in second-class mail are required to put on a fair and equitable basis postage rates for magazines, newspapers and so forth, which have been for many years fixed by law at substantially less than their carrying costs. For the first time, this class of mail will not only pay for its carrying costs, but contribute to the overhead of the Postal Service."

On the face of it, this seems a reasonable demand. But there is considerable room for argument about just what is the true cost of carrying various types of mail, and how far efficiency can be pushed without jeopardizing the Postal Service's basic mission. For example, is mail delivery once a day really necessary? Why not every other day? Why deliver heavy or fragile packages? Why not eliminate tiny stations that still exist in farm, forest and ranch lands? The reason, of course, is that these activities benefit people.

In fact, Time Inc., which certainly does not claim to be a disinterested bystander, has always backed reasonable postal economy and efficiency. That is why years ago it began



doing some of the Postal Service's work. All copies of *TIME*, *LIFE*, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and *FORTUNE* are now zip-coded and sorted in advance. Most require little or no additional sorting until they reach the post office nearest to the reader. Other companies do the same. This processing originated, of course, in self-interest. But it has worked toward the efficiency of the mail system. The Postal Service is—and always should be—a public service. It should be both inexpensive and efficient. But it should have the same aim it had in Washington's day: to supply the public with information and intelligence. Second-class rates are—and always should be—a subsidy for the readers, not the magazines.

There are nearly 10,000 mass, medium-size and small magazines in America. All of them are competing for attention in the open marketplace. Under normal circumstances each year, some are born, a few flourish, most scrape by and some die. This is as it should be. No magazine can rightfully ask for a handout or a federal grant. But both mass and specialty magazines can ask to be spared from radical changes in the rules of economic engagement, from cost increases that demolish all previous cost equations. It requires little imagination to predict what would happen to the hundreds of apolitical periodicals like *Cat Fancy Magazine*, *Film Comment*, *Black Stars*, and *Turtle and Tortoise Monthly*—as well as the mass-circulation magazines. The loss of any publication diminishes civilized tradition and shrivels belief in the power of the written word. It is a notion that Jonathan Swift could have constructed: the Post Office is solvent and the press and the readers are deprived.

EDUCATION

Struggle to Survive

"We have just discovered the death of the school system, and we don't want to recognize it," Detroit School Board Member Darneau Stewart lamented.

Virtually all of the nation's urban schools are in sad financial shape, but perhaps no major city school system was closer to bankruptcy last week than Detroit's. The fourth largest in the country, with 290,000 pupils, 65% of whom are black. Detroit has already been judged educationally inadequate by state officials. The system suffered a \$38 million deficit this year, and if next year's projected \$272 million budget is adopted, it would run \$101 million in the red.

Some Detroit officials see hope in a consolidation of the urban schools with those in surrounding suburbs. Federal Judge Stephen Roth has ruled that the

six-week Christmas vacation, and to end the school year on April 19, two months earlier than usual. In all, it plans to operate the schools for only 117 days, one-third less than the state-mandated minimum of 180.

Strike Talk. The cut will reduce the teacher payroll by 35%. "Unmanageable and unthinkable—we can't accept this," declared Mary Ellen Riordan, president of the American Federation of Teachers in Detroit, many of whose 11,500 members began talking about a strike. Besides, she said, the state will not permit an "illegal" cut in the school term. If not, retorted Superintendent Wolfe, "they'll have to come up with the wherewithal."

That hardly seems likely, for the state government is partly the cause of the Detroit schools' money woes. In 1960 the legislature ordered that property tax assessments throughout the

igan Governor William Milliken agrees with that approach, and he has filed suit in the state supreme court challenging Michigan's dependence on property taxes for its schools. The court probably will not decide the case until this summer, however, and even if it rules in Milliken's favor, it may be too late to help Detroit's schools next year. The Governor has promised that the state "cannot and will not" pick up the city's present deficit no matter what the court decides about the future.

As Detroit braced for Roth's decision, Richmond won at least a temporary reprieve from a similar court directive that its schools (69% black) be consolidated with those of two surrounding suburban counties (91% white). The order by Federal Judge Robert R. Merhige Jr. would have required that 78,000 of the 101,000 students in the Richmond metropolitan area be bused next fall to integrated schools to achieve a racial mix of no more than 40% black.

As expected, however, the conservative-minded Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals last week struck down the Merhige decision. It ruled that he had gone beyond the judicial authority of the courts and could not "compel one of the states of the union to restructure its internal government for the purpose of achieving racial balance." The appeals judges found Richmond's urban racial pattern to be similar to that of other U.S. cities but said: "Whatever the basic causes, it has not been school assignments, and school assignments cannot reverse the trend. That there has been housing discrimination... is deplorable, but a school case, like a vehicle, can carry only a limited amount of baggage." The decision will be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Passing the Hat

Raising money for scholarships is usually a laborious routine, but four undergraduates at small (1,700 students) Albion College in Albion, Mich., have managed to rake in a sizable amount and enjoy themselves in the process.

"We acted as if we didn't know what we were doing," says Bill Healy, 21, an economics major. "Our stationery was cheap and looked awful. Our calling methods were rather blunt—just plopping ourselves in the business offices of alumni."

One stockbroker gave Healy a discourse on the evils of money and told him that God would take care of Albion's finances. Other meetings were more lucrative. One of the quarter's more ambitious plans was to raffie off a trip to the Bahamas, which was technically illegal. But the authorities winked benignly and the students netted \$10,000. They also imitated the political parties by staging \$100-a-plate dinners—"Beefsteaks for Bernie," so named after the college's new president.



"I always give a little something—after all, he gave us some of his best years."

city's schools are illegally segregated, and he has promised to order that the city and its predominantly white suburbs be linked by busing, which could ensure that no school is more than 20% black. His final decree, which is expected this week, will hardly solve the Detroit schools' overwhelming money problems. "How could we pay for it?" asked one school employee. "The city doesn't own one single school bus that we can use."

The school board considered several "survival plans," including cutting back to a four- and even a three-day week, but, said Superintendent Charles Wolfe, "we know from experience that youngsters forget so much in four days that it takes a day to get reacquainted with their work when they come back." Instead, the 13-man board voted last week to delay the opening of school two weeks in September, to give students a

state be lowered, but it did nothing to make up for the loss in local revenues. As a result, Detroit schools began running a deficit in 1966. The city's voters grudgingly agreed to raise school taxes by \$25 million in 1969, but that was not enough to wipe out the red ink entirely, even though the city's property taxes rose higher than those of most of its suburbs. School officials asked for another tax increase last May 16, but Detroiters voted solidly against it. They are likely to do so again when the proposed tax boost appears on the ballot a second time on Aug. 8.

The only permanent solution would be for Michigan to stop relying on local property taxes as the primary source of school funds. Courts in six states have already ordered such action to equalize statewide school spending, and the Supreme Court agreed last week to review the question in its next term. Mich-

Anatomy of a Doctor.

What makes a doctor tick?

Basically, knowing what's good for you. And behind that knowing lies a lot of work.

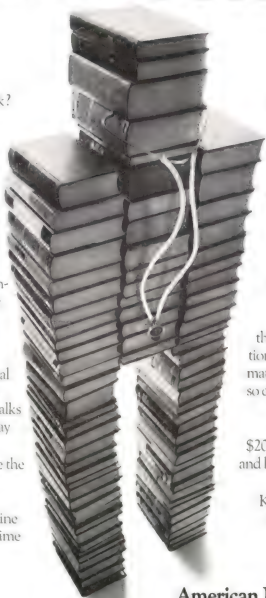
Even before he hangs out his shingle, he will have gone through about 12 years of medical education and training.

But research is forever uncovering new things that are good for you. Which is why your doctor can never really stop going to school.

We, the American Medical Association, help him in his education from the day he walks into medical school till the day he retires.

We help set and supervise the standards of education in America's medical schools.

We're working to streamline schooling so it will take less time



for a doctor to enter practice.

We're helping more people to become doctors. Through our Education and Research Foundation, we guarantee loans to students, interns and residents (over \$50 million worth so far).

Every year we sponsor more than 1,000 conferences and study sessions, where doctors can exchange ideas.

AMA Councils on everything from drug abuse to nutrition get the latest scientific information into doctors' hands. And so do the many different medical journals we publish.

Altogether, the AMA spent \$20 million last year on scientific and health education. For doctors.

And for their patients. Knowing what's good for you. It's what being a good doctor is all about.

American Medical Association

535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610

EDUCATION

Bernard T. Lomas. All in all, the four students received contributions from 48 states and five countries, including \$5 in Vietnamese currency, two Bibles and an Egyptian figurine. The grand total for future scholarships: \$276,824.

Too Much Schooling?

"Too much schooling works against education." So writes ex-Teacher John Holt, who has shown that schools encourage bored children to grope for rote answers and smother their spontaneous ways of acquiring knowledge. Those criticisms in his widely read books, *How Children Fail* and *How Children Learn*, made him a major spokesman for the reform movement in American education. Now, in his latest work, *Freedom and Beyond* (E.P. Dutton, \$7.95), Holt argues that reformers of classroom

Preoccupied with their schools, educators too often overlook the fact that children learn more outside the classroom than in. Holt urges that the imbalance be redressed by ending compulsory schooling; he suggests, among other things, employing adult guides to teach children to read, and community learning centers open to both young and old. He concludes: "The deschooled society, a society in which learning is not separated from but joined to the rest of life, is not a luxury for which we can wait for hundreds of years, but something toward which we must move and work as quickly as possible."

Kudos: Round 3

BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY
George Romney, D.P.A., Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.

BRANDIS UNIVERSITY
Danny Kaye, L.H.D., comedian. *Recipient of awards from numerous national and international bodies, he cherishes more than all of them the joy his presence evokes as the world's disenchanted children exchange their daily dose of misery for his precious gift of laughter.*

BROWN UNIVERSITY
Elizabeth Bishop, L.H.D., poet.
Erik Erikson, L.L.D., psychoanalyst.
Joan S. Erikson, L.L.D., author, educator, artist, and wife of Erik Erikson.
Paul A. Freund, L.L.D., scholar on the Supreme Court.
Bayard Rustin, L.L.D., civil rights and labor leader.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Alfred Hitchcock, L.H.D., film director.
Jack Tworkov, L.H.D., artist. *The solidity of your forms and the fluidity of your lines reveal an identity that has successfully coordinated seeing and feeling.*

DEPAUL UNIVERSITY
Carl T. Rowan, L.H.D., columnist.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
Gerard C. Smith, L.L.D., chief U.S. negotiator at SALT. *His patience and skill at the negotiating table have brought us within reach of a world free from the danger and burden of armaments.*

PACE COLLEGE
Dorothy I. Height, D.C.L., president, National Council of Negro Women.
I.M. Pei, L.L.D., architect. *His work is blueprinted in humanism and quarried in an ideal vision of man's habitat.*

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
Alvin Ailey, D.F.A., dancer. *The creative genius of such men (volatile, restless and attractive) has made modern ballet almost an American monopoly and graduated dancing from the amusement of a privileged few to an ensemble art form expressing the spirit and aspirations of a whole complex culture.*



DANNY KAYE



BAYARD RUSTIN

John Hope Franklin, Litt.D., historian.
Elisabeth Luce Moore, L.L.D., civic and educational leader.
Roger H. Sessions, D.M., composer.

RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
Alvin Toffler, Sc.D., author.

SOUTHAMPTON COLLEGE
Marya Mannes, L.H.D., writer. *Her ideas are unequivocal, her feelings passionate, her words candid, her courage boundless.*
Fairfield Porter, L.H.D., artist. *We enter his world as we walk down our own familiar streets, bathed in light and air, that are at once real and of a dimension he has created.*

UNION COLLEGE
Bill Russell, L.L.D., television commentator and retired basketball star. *Time does not mind, nor absence wilt, the record of your achievements as player, coach, and man.*

WILMINGTON COLLEGE
Howard Cosell, L.L.D., sportscaster.

YALE UNIVERSITY
Saul Bellow, D. Litt., author.
Henry Ford II, L.L.D., chairman, Ford Motor Co. *In an age when many industrialists look for the riskless course and too many business spokesmen are puppets of their public relations staff, you have remained a thoroughly authentic outspoken man.*
Piet Hein, L.H.D., Danish scientist and philosopher who invented the Soma Cube, and the "grook."

YESHIVA UNIVERSITY
W. Averell Harriman, L.L.D., retired statesman.
Roy Wilkins, L.H.D., executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.



ROY WILKINS



ERIK ERIKSON



JOHN HOLT IN CLASS
Not a luxury.

methods might better work to "deschool" society.

Unlike Educational Iconoclast Ivan Illich, Holt does not want schools abolished entirely, but he thinks they should be de-emphasized. Last year education costs totaled about \$80 billion; yet to give all young people the quality of schooling now available only to the upper 20%—which is what is meant by talk of "equal educational opportunity"—might cost three times as much, almost one-quarter of the gross national product. "We now spend 8% and there are many signs that this is about the limit of what people are willing to pay," Holt writes. "Yet this has in no way cut down the demand for schooling, which every day becomes more insistent. We have in short created about \$250 billion worth or so of the most urgent demand for a product of which we are not likely to supply more than a third."

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EXPERIMENTS IN PLEASURE

If a good scotch offers unlimited opportunities for enjoyment, imagine the possibilities with a great scotch.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

For Sale: Appliances with a built in

Yes, there really *is* a system to protect people who buy large appliances. Westinghouse built one. Here it is:

1. Quality control power. Westinghouse factory inspectors have the power to stop an entire production line if the appliances don't meet quality standards. (That's rare, of course. But it's not just talk; they've *done* it.)

2. Computer watch. On a selected group of 75,000 Westinghouse appliances, a computer keeps track of every service call. It spots even small reliability problems. It helps us to make improvements that make our appliances more reliable.

3. Assurance plan. If we make a mistake, we take the rap. Last year, one production run turned out to have a defect. We told all the owners who had sent in a registration card: *if your appliance acts up this particular way, call us so we can get it fixed.* We hope that is never necessary again. But we're ready.

4. Over 7,700 official service centers. It's hard to find a town where service isn't handy.

5. Thousands of factory-trained servicemen. Westinghouse runs one of the biggest training operations of any company.

6. Renewal parts? 119 warehouses, in 50 states, carry parts for recent models. This can save long delays in making repairs. (A central depot stocks most parts for 15 years back.)

7. Radio service. Slow service is no service. To speed ours up, we are installing 2-way radios in all our company-owned service trucks, as fast as we can get the radio licenses.

8. Service that moves with you. If you buy a Westinghouse appliance, then move away—why should a "strange" dealer give you good warranty service? Because we pay him for parts and labor. Not all brands do.

9. Last-resort service line. What if you *still* have trouble getting good service for your Westinghouse appliance? (It can happen—we're human.) You have a last resort—our SURE LINE. Phone (free) 800 245-0600 (in Pennsylvania, 800 242-0580). We'll take the responsibility to *get* service to you. Then phone you back to make sure it was *good* service.

That's the Consumer Protection System we've built for you. We think it's a pretty good reason to make your next large appliance Westinghouse. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.



You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse



consumer protection system.



7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family

(a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to

his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



The \$3,900 Audi
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS \$3,855. Other Audi models start at \$3,085. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.)
Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

A Day in the Life

The Rolling Stones were back in America for the first time since Altamont 2½ years ago, and their concerts had sold out within hours in Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Recognizing that the group is a very special talisman for the cultural breakaways who have built their lifestyles around them, TIME's Tim Tyler sought out a typical Stones freak last week and went with him to San Francisco's Winterland. Tyler's report:

It was 5 p.m. in an average, slightly seedy apartment in Oakland, Calif. The Rolling Stones' new album, *Exile on Main St.*, was playing on the stereo, the shower was running, and out of the steam came a croaky voice singing *Tumbling*

was in college, but this time . . ."

Sucking on a new joint: "You know, my parents' ideal is a house in the country, two cars, a swimming pool. They're strangers to me—no communication. Well, this concert is my house in the country. For me there's nothing more important in life than going to see the Rolling Stones."

He tried to explain why, told me how he had been a Stones fan for nine years, how after graduating from college, a year ago he had been unable to settle down; how two months ago he had moved to California to look for a job. With all his other roots severed, Miller clung to his membership in the fraternity of rock 'n' roll, which seemed

jacket to reveal a sheer white jersey shirt that matches the clinging pants. And then Mick dances around Bassist Bill Wyman standing stiff and still in his new suit, slips on a Coors between choruses, trades vocal lines with Richard.

Dick Miller, perched in the balcony, is going out of his mind, playing an imaginary guitar and dancing at the same time, emitting a more or less constant scream. He is not standing on his seat like everybody else, including the girl dancing naked to the waist on our right; he is standing up on the arms of his seat, doing a boogie and moaning, on the verge of falling. When they come to *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, it is too much for Miller: he is down off his perch, dancing in the aisle.

After 14 songs it is over. The applause is more painful than the amplified music. It was all there, the beat, the volume and the rebellious raunchiness of the Stones' music. And Miller was right; the Stones are the best rock-'n'-roll



BASSIST BILL WYMAN



MICK JAGGER OF THE ROLLING STONES



GUITARIST KEITH RICHARDS

Dice. Then out of the shower, into his underpants, and out into the big bright kitchen came Dick Miller, 23, home after a long day clerking at the art-supplies store. "Three hours till we hear the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world," Miller yelled out the window to no one in particular.

"How can I eat? A-iii-eee!" he screamed, subsiding into a chair. He ate, fortifying himself for the night with hamburger, raw peas, milk, oatmeal cookies, Almadén chablis and several joints of marijuana.

Miller had been in this state since May 14, the day (and night) he had sat on the sidewalk in front of the Sears on Telegraph Avenue for 22 hours in order to buy tickets for the concert. "I missed the Stones in '65, when they came through my home town in New York. They only did one song because everybody went bananas and started a riot. I missed 'em again in '69, when I

to give his life a focus. Naturally, records were not enough. He *had* to see the Stones.

Finally we were at Winterland. Jagger appeared and it was a shock: he looked frail and innocent for a man of 28 trailing a history of fights, drug busts and death. Pouty child in glittery eye makeup, strutting and singing, posturing like a crane with his skeletal legs draped in clinging white jersey pants, squeaking around on little white sneakers. Jagger is half the show; the tight, excellent rock 'n' roll of the augmented quartet behind him is easy to miss if you get mesmerized.

As the songs roll on, Jagger wiggles his flanks in Guitarist Keith Richards's face. Singing the frantic *Gimme Shelter*, Jagger stands fey in the middle of it, bouncing time with one scarecrow leg, left hand inverted on his hip like an artist balancing before his easel. For *Tumbling Dice*, he strips off his denim

band in the world. But the crowd looks dazed, unfulfilled.

The Stones did nothing wrong. It was just that no act could have fulfilled the frenzy of expectation that had grown up around the tour—the waiting, the camping out, the riots for tickets. The legend had outstripped itself.

"Well, I guess it'll take the experience a few days to sink in," Miller said hopefully, but he was silent and down driving back across the Bay Bridge to Oakland. His four-week high finally at an end, he drank a glass of milk and went to bed.

Elvis Aeternus

According to some amateur sociologists, the '70s are really the '50s—with a few more ulcers and a few more lines around the eyes. A Republican sits in the White House again, and skirts are supposed to be below the knee. Most

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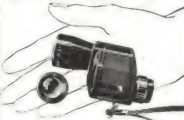
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PRESLEY IN FIRST NEW YORK CONCERT
The time was ripe.

of all, Elvis Presley is back, gyrating his way, just as he did 15 years ago, through the primitive rock beat of "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog..."

The girls in pedal pushers and curler-rolls who once listened to Elvis are now pushing 35 or 40, and the duck-tailed boys of the '50s no longer have grease in their hair—if they have hair at all. Elvis, however, still sounds and looks almost like 1957. His hair, to be sure, is a little less shiny, and the famous Presley pout, an expression of his nearly platonic narcissism, has been replaced by the genial smile of acceptance and affluence. After 32 movies and untold millions in box-office receipts and record sales, Elvis at 37 is in many ways bigger than ever.

His comeback is perhaps the most impressive in the history of pop music. Though his B-grade movies were financially successful, he was nearly eclipsed for most of the '60s by the rock groups that followed in his path, especially the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. Then, sensing that the time was ripe, he made a live appearance in Las Vegas in 1969, returning again and again in the past three years and touring the country as well.

Last week, he made his first appearance in Manhattan, where his four scheduled performances in Madison Square Garden drew some 80,000 fans and a gate of more than \$500,000. If he sang like yesterday, Elvis looked like Mr. Tomorrow in a white cape and jumpsuit, covered throughout the concert by a blinding fusillade of strobe lights. He had lost none of his sexual, feline grace, and he still commanded an ear-shattering chorus of screams every time he tossed his head.

The only truly new thing about Elvis is his audience, which in the '50s was almost exclusively the under-20s. He has kept his original fans—and added

The only time it sounds like other clock-radios is when it buzzes.



If you're interested in the clock part of a clock-radio, the TFM-C720 has just about every convenience a digimatic radio can have.

It has an automatic, 24-hour time setting that goes off every morning, without having to be reset every night.

It has a setting for a soft buzz or a loud buzz. So you can wake up to the volume of a "psst...", or a "HEY YOU, GET OUT OF BED!"

But you may prefer to wake up to the sound of the radio. So the TFM-C720 also has a special feature that automatically wakes you at a

slightly louder volume than the way you played it last night.

Besides that, it has digital numbers. And because of a process called black lighting, they light up so much brighter than most digital numbers that you can see them from across the room, or even through one, barely opened eye.

But the best thing about this digimatic is that it has a much better radio than you might expect to come with a clock.

The radio's FM/AM, all solid-state, and has integrated circuitry. It has 1.2 watts of maxi-

mum output power. And it has a 3½" top-mounted speaker.

The TFM-C720 even has a separate pillow speaker for sound quality you just can't get through an earphone.

Which means that without keeping everybody else up, you can actually get lulled to sleep by a respectable sounding concerto, or a reasonably undistorted Doors record.

Why don't you go listen to this digimatic for yourself?

After all, if you had a nicer radio to get up to, maybe it would be a little nicer to get up.

SONY'S \$65.95 DIGIMATIC

SHOW BUSINESS & TELEVISION

their children and parents. Even *Rolling Stone*, the rock bible, has praised him, though it deplores some of his more saccharine songs, schlocky arrangements and "the tasteless wrapping of Cool Whip" that frequently obscures him.

Elvis professes to be bored by the kind of movies he used to make ("I'm tired of playing a guy who would be in a fight and would start singing to the guy he was beating up"). He now looks forward to straight acting perhaps, and to performing in Europe and Japan. If his New York audience is any indication, he will be a smash. What is his secret? At least some of it may be nothing more complicated than nostalgia. His once-lewd gyrations now seem almost suitable for Sunday school. "Man, I was tame compared to what they do now," he says. "I didn't do anything but just wiggle." To the top, that is.

Now the Lemmies

Is the worst commercial the best commercial? Some Madison Avenue admen seem to think so. They believe that the viewer remembers best the spot that is most insulting to his intelligence and irritating to his sensibility. The doctrine is probably wrong, but its adherents cling to it as firmly as any Maoist grasping the little red book. Meanwhile the viewer has suffered in silence.

No longer. Inspired by Minneapolis Public Relations Man Bill Bentzin, a

new organization has been formed to help the viewer fight back. Its name is the Committee for Rejection of Obnoxious Commercials—or CROC—and its weapon is ridicule. Last week CROC, which has more than 2,000 dues-paying members, announced its selection of the ten worst TV commercials of the past year and offered the corporations that sponsor them the CROC award: the Lemmy, a walnut plaque topped with a plastic lemon. CROC's list, in order of obnoxiousness:

- Crest toothpaste, for the commercial in which an arrogant brat interrupts his father, busy at work, to announce that because of Crest he has fewer cavities.

- Playtex Cross Your Heart Bra, in which the boy does not recognize his girl because she is wearing a new bra.

- Imperial Margarine, in which a crown appears on the head of a man when he bites into a slice of bread buttered—whoops—spread with Imperial.

- Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, which shows a bare-chested fellow leaning out of bed announcing that because of Mitchum, he did not have to use a deodorant yesterday and does not plan to use one again today. ("No wonder he's sleeping alone," wrote one CROCER on his ballot.)

- Pristine feminine deodorant, in which two women stroll along arm in arm, rhapsodizing about their feminine spray.

- Hour-After-Hour deodorant, in which a housewife in a track suit is shown running around her kitchen to keep it spotless.

- Folger's Coffee, which suggests that bad coffee can break up a good marriage.

- Charmin toilet paper, which shows a group of half-crazed women pouncing on poor, effeminate Store Manager Mr. Whipple like the Erinyes attacking Orestes. What do they want? Why to squeeze the Charmin, of course.

- Geritol, which shows a woman winning her husband's approval by taking Geritol. "My wife, I think I'll keep her," he says generously.

- Wisk detergent, in which a parrot shrieks "Ring around the collar!" at a guilt-ridden hausfrau who neglected to Wisk.

CROC also singled out the commercials it liked. One was for Coca-Cola ("I'd like to buy the world a Coke") and another for Alka-Seltzer ("Try it, you'll like it"). Coke, coincidentally, won an Effie (for marketing moxie) and Alka-Seltzer a CLIO (for performance) from the admen themselves. The industry's own awards were also announced last week at the 13th annual American Television and Radio Commercials Festival in Manhattan. Will CROC have any effect? Probably not. All it offers the viewer is vicarious and considerable pleasure: to squeeze—or strangle—Mr. Whipple.

Carlton. Lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested by U.S. Government.

3 mg. "tar."



3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report April '72



In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman

may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For even then, men of distinction knew that making fine cognac, to the Martell family,

was more an art than a business.

It still is.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

Martell. Taste history.
SINCE 1715 VSOP JORDONVILLE



The Pussycat. The orange-sweet sour that mixes up as quick as a cat. Bartender's Instant Pussycat Mix and Early Times make it purr-fect. Ask for Instant Pussycat Mix at your favorite food or liquor store. To get 4 Pussycat glasses,*

send \$2.95 to:
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P.O. Box 378,
Maple Plain, Minn. 55359.

*offer valid only where legal—
limited time only

**Is Early Times really necessary in your Pussycats?
Anything else, and you might wind up with an alleycat.**

ENVIRONMENT

Woodstockholm

If we all live on one spaceship planet, as environmental thinkers like to proclaim, then its temporary center this week is Stockholm. From the site of the United Nations' first global Conference on the Human Environment, TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer reports:

Stockholm is a battlefield of conflicting reports, recommendations and manifestos. It is a jumble of diplomats (1,200 from 112 nations), scholarly experts (several thousand from 550 non-governmental organizations), and environmental enthusiasts of every variety. They all are here for one purpose: to save the world—their way.

The official delegations are considering 120 basic recommendations ranging from the protection of endangered animals to the preservation of islands like the Galapagos for scientific study. The measures that are approved in Stockholm will go to the U.N. General Assembly for ratification in the fall. To the more militant environmentalists, however, the official agenda offers only what some of them call "Band-Aid solutions" to dangerous problems. In a separate Environment Forum, they are focusing on population growth and wasteful technology, which the agenda hardly mentions. The U.S.'s most articulate ecologist, Barry Commoner, urged a near Utopia. "To solve the environmental crisis," he said, "we must solve the problems of poverty, racial injustice and war."

Invocations. While all this earnest discussion goes on (in five official languages and a dozen meeting places), the conference is also earning itself the nickname of "Woodstockholm." Students have set up a tent city—complete with a movie theater for kids too hopped up on amphetamines to sleep—at the abandoned airport of Skarpnäck, just south of the city. Chief Rolling Thunder, an honorary Shoshoni medicine man, chanted invocations while 50 members of the Hog Farm, a peregrinating U.S. commune, threw tobacco into a camp fire, a ritual that is supposed to ward off violence.

Other groups are doing their thing in town. Alternate City and Pow Wow, two radical Swedish organizations, are conducting tours through the run-down parts of Stockholm. The tour vehicle: an old bus that runs on a form of "recycled" energy, methane gas emanating from horse manure. There are endless parades, one of which featured a large plastic whale to represent that over-hunted species. Traffic barely creeps around the main conference halls in the old and the new Parliament buildings. Specially painted bicycles offer a quicker and more environmentally respectable way of getting about, and even

Maurice Strong, the conference's secretary-general, took one out for a spin.

The conference itself often seems more political than environmental. Russia, together with Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, started by boycotting the conference because it had failed to invite Communist East Germany as a full participant. At week's end, Soviet delegates were found holed up in a Stockholm hotel, waiting for word on whether to attend the meetings. But if the U.S. delegates' experience is any indication of the problems the superpowers can encounter within the environmental movement, the Russians may come to wish they had stayed away altogether.

Dumping. "I'll be happy if we just get out of this thing alive," complained one U.S. delegate. Part of the problem is that the U.S., with less than 6% of the world's population, consumes 40% of the world's goods and necessarily causes by far the most pollution (although most other industrial nations, including the Communist ones, make far fewer efforts to curb pollution). Another trouble is the U.S. role in Viet Nam, which most delegates oppose. In addition to deploring the terrible toll in human life, they accuse the U.S. of "ecocide" for causing long-term damage to the Vietnamese land itself by both bombing and the use of defoliants. Sweden's Prime Minister Olof Palme condemned such tactics as "shocking" and an "outrage." U.S. officials answered that they were "deeply disturbed" by Palme's "extraneous" speech and that he is "apparently unmoved by the naked aggression of others."

Aside from East-West conflicts, the different interests of each participating nation make the approval of any resolution difficult to achieve. The most important single proposal—a pact to limit the dumping of toxic wastes into the oceans—was itself dumped because legal experts from 17 nations could not agree on a list of toxic substances or a definition of territorial waters. Even a proposal to develop international standards for the use of DDT provoked outrage from nations that need the pesticide to prevent malaria or to protect cereal crops.

The most basic dispute at Stockholm, however, involves money. The 78 poor nations participating in the conference do not want to pay (and cannot afford) the costs of cleaning up a global mess that they had little part in creating. They are also well aware that any cleanup is likely to penalize them, directly or indirectly. Intensive recycling of used goods, for example, will cut the demand for their raw materials. So will new environmental restrictions on imports of products like Ecuadorian tuna. On the other hand, pollution controls on factories in the

industrial countries will inevitably raise the cost that the poor nations must pay for finished goods.

The only answer, according to the underdeveloped nations, is the familiar one: more aid from the rich to the poor. Most of the Western powers endorsed that idea in Stockholm and promised to increase financial assistance. The U.S. did not follow suit; its economic-aid program will remain at \$1.2 billion this year. It did pledge \$40 million over the next five years toward a U.N. environmental fund, but a spokesman explained that this amount would be the only new money that the U.S. would give the U.N. Otherwise, payments are going to be held to present levels, which

PER CLOUT DOWN



U.N.'S STRONG BIKES TO CONFERENCE
More politics than ecology.

means that the U.S.'s total share of contributions will drop.

Though the difficulties of getting international agreement appear to be great, there has been some progress:

- A united appeal for all nations to minimize the release of toxic metals and chemicals into the environment.

- Establishment of a global system of 110 stations to monitor the spread of pollution.

- A resolution to reduce the production of synthetic materials, such as plastics, while increasing natural, non-polluting substitutes.

How effective any of these measures will be remains to be seen. Meantime, one observer offered this summary of the conference so far. Each delegation, he said, consists of an environmental minister, and behind him sits a scientist telling him what to say and a diplomat telling him not to say it.

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June 2, 1972.

SCIENCE

Death of a Star

When Caltech Astronomer Charles Kowal first examined the photographic plate that he had exposed atop Mount Palomar last month, he was openly skeptical. At the edge of the small, irregular galaxy that he was studying in the constellation Centaurus, he saw a large burst of light brighter than the entire galaxy itself that had not been there before. Had a stray asteroid wandered into the telescope's field of view? Closer inspection quickly revealed that the light came not from a nearby asteroid, but from a far more awesome heavenly phenomenon: a supernova, the explosive death of a giant star.

No supernova has been seen in the earth's own Milky Way galaxy for 368 years. But astronomers constantly search for, and frequently observe similar stellar explosions in the universe's myriad other galaxies, or islands of stars. Since the 1930s, for example, astronomers at California's Hale Observatories have photographed some 200 extragalactic supernovae. What makes Kowal's supernova significant to astronomers is that it occurred in a relatively nearby galaxy—only 10 million light-years away.* It is the brightest exploding star sighted in 35 years. Moreover, it seems to have been spotted only days after it reached maximum intensity, or at the height of the star's death throes. Thus astronomers have a rare opportunity to study at close range the mechanisms of stellar death.

According to theory, a supernova occurs after a giant star—substantially more massive than the sun—has exhausted its thermonuclear fuel. The star's distended gases begin to collapse toward its center of gravity, crush together and reheat to incredible temperatures of 100 billion degrees, and then explode in a fiery outburst as bright as a billion suns. Left at the center of the supernova is a tiny (about ten miles across) star consisting of tightly packed neutrons, or a smaller "black hole"—a star so dense that its tremendous gravity prevents even light from escaping. The 1967 discovery of pulsars, since identified as neutron stars, seemed to support this explanation of how stars die. Now, observations of Kowal's supernova may help to confirm it.

Dating the Dawn of Life

When did life begin on earth? Harvard Paleobotanist Elso S. Barghoorn and his onetime student, J. William Schopf, discovered a possible answer to that intriguing question several years ago, when they found microscopic fossils in ancient South African

*Which means that the explosion actually took place 10 million years ago, or the time it took light from the flare-up to reach earth.

Make Father's day.

Give him a remarkable whisky.
Seagram's Crown Royal,
the legendary Canadian.
A whisky made with so much care
he can taste it.



SCIENCE

rocks. These tiny traces of life indicated that single-celled creatures existed as long as 3.1 billion years ago. Now a team headed by Schopf himself has found evidence that could push the dawn of life back at least another 200 million years.

The new evidence was uncovered in South Africa's Transvaal in an unusual formation of sedimentary rock. Once probably part of a shallow ocean bottom, the stratified rock has now been thrust to the surface and scientists can easily examine it. When Schopf's team compared the relative abundance of the two principal isotopes of carbon in each of the formation's many layers, they made an intriguing discovery. In the newer layers, those formed more recently than 3.3 billion years ago, carbon 12 and carbon 13 appeared in approximately the same ratios as they do in modern deposits known to contain the fossilized remnants of plant life. But in the older layers, the ratios were radically different; they were similar to those in rocks that have not been exposed to living organisms.

Chemical Choice. That sudden change in carbon ratios was highly significant to Schopf and his collaborators, Dorothy Z. Oehler of U.C.L.A. and Keith A. Kvenvolden of NASA's Ames Research Center. In a recent report in the journal *Science*, they proceed to explain why.

All organisms capable of photosyn-

thesis—the chemical process by which green plants use the energy of sunlight to convert carbon dioxide and water into food and oxygen—show a marked chemical preference for carbon 12, which is the lighter of the two isotopes. As a result, the carbon in the organic compounds that make up the plants' structure consists largely of carbon 12. What is more, the greater preponderance of that isotope becomes preserved in the earth's geological records when, for example, tiny green sea plants (plankton) die, sink to the ocean bottom, gradually decompose and become part of the sea-floor sediment. Still rich in carbon 12, this sediment is eventually compressed into rock and can be geologically dated with considerable accuracy. Thus, the researchers suggest, the 3.3-billion-year age of the South African rock layers in which the striking change in carbon ratios is recorded may well indicate the time when primitive plants, probably plankton-like blue-green algae, first appeared on the face of the earth.

The implications of their findings could be even more far-reaching. Organisms capable of photosynthesis probably evolved from still simpler forms of life. Thus if tiny plants that used the complex process of photosynthesis were alive at least 3.3 billion years ago, their more rudimentary ancestors, the earth's earliest living things, must be considerably older.

The Flying Scissors

In killing the Nixon Administration's plans to build a supersonic jet transport last year, Congress was influenced by some persuasive arguments against the plane: it would be extremely costly (an estimated \$1.5 billion for development of two prototypes), create window-shattering sonic booms all across the countryside, and possibly even leave enough carbon dioxide in the upper layers of the atmosphere to change the earth's climate. Now Robert L. Jones of NASA's Ames Research Center, near San Francisco, has suggested a radical new SST design that he claims would overcome most of these objections. It would also be one of the oddest looking planes ever to take to the air.

Jones, a pioneer in the development of swept-wing aircraft, proposes building an SST with a single elliptical-shaped wing that would pivot on the fuselage. During takeoff, the wing would be set at right angles to the fuselage to provide maximum lift. But as the plane approached supersonic speed, the wing would be pivoted by about 45° to reduce drag, making the craft resemble a flying pair of scissors.

This bizarre "antisymmetrical" configuration, Jones contends, is superior to the familiar swing-wing design of, say, the Air Force F-111 or the Navy F-14, or the fixed-wing design of the British-French Concorde. Although drag is de-



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ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF SST WITH ANTISYMMETRICAL WING
No guidance from nature, no help from the birds.

creased when the wings of these aircraft are angled back, he says, another aerodynamic factor comes increasingly into play. At supersonic speeds, the swept-back wings create noticeable pressure on each other. Jones likens the interference effect to that created when two motorboats speed alongside each other and waves from the bow of one boat slam into the hull of the other. When the wing is pivoted in the Jones design, however, such interference is reduced, just as when one of the boats pulls ahead of the other. Moreover, the aircraft's efficien-

cy is further improved by simultaneously rotating the tail plane to the same oblique position. To those who are troubled by the asymmetry of his design, Jones has a ready answer: nature has "given man an instinctive feeling for bilateral symmetry," but it "does not provide us with a guide for supersonic flight; there are no supersonic birds."

Jones is convinced that his antisymmetric "bird" would fly well at supersonic speeds as high as Mach 1.5 or approximately 1,000 m.p.h., and would do so at considerably lower cost than

other SSTs. On takeoffs, with its wing at right angles to the fuselage, he says, the plane would require only one-fourth the power of the Russian TU-144 or the Concorde, both of which have fixed delta wings. Thus it could operate with conventional, relatively quiet turbofan jets, sharply reducing noise on landings and takeoffs. It would also prevent pollution of the stratosphere by burning less fuel and by flying at lower jet altitudes (40,000 ft. v. 65,000 ft. for the originally proposed U.S. SST). Finally, unlike other SSTs, it could fly economically at Mach 1.2. At that speed, it would create no sonic boom (under normal atmospheric conditions) and could fly over populated land without causing discomfort and damage below.

Jones and others have been quietly pondering the antisymmetrical wing for more than two decades, but he hesitated to push for it any sooner. "It was too weird for its time," he explains. Now he feels the time has come. He has already successfully tested small models of the plane in wind tunnels at Ames and sent other models aloft on radio-controlled subsonic flights. Building a full-scale prototype would be costly and would undoubtedly involve difficult engineering problems, but NASA apparently shares Jones' enthusiasm for the plane. It recently awarded a contract for studies of the antisymmetric design to Boeing, the frustrated contractor for the vetoed American SST.

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The X-31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag". (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

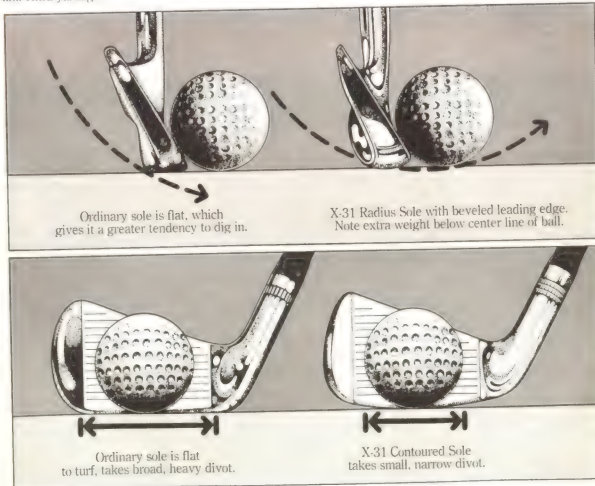
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

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MEDICINE

Sayonara Heroin

Only a decade ago, a heroin epidemic threatened Japan. An estimated 40,000 addicts provided a market for the growing traffic in hard drugs, and some users brazenly mainlined on street corners in such areas as Yokohama's Kogane-cho (Gold Town). Today, says Dr. Yoshio Ishikawa of the Serigayen mental hospital, heroin addiction "has become a subject without a living example for study, like smallpox," and medical students may finish their actual education without seeing an actual addict. Police and narcotics agents face the same triumphant scarcity.

Heroin use in Japan has been virtually eliminated by stringent enforcement of a 1963 law that provided for harsh handling of both pushers and addicts. A life sentence is meted out for selling *butsu* (the Japanese gangsters' untranslatable coinage for heroin). Mere possession can mean several years in jail. To cut off the demand, the government required that every user caught be confined for at least 30 days of treatment. The most Draconian fact—by American standards—is that each addict's treatment begins with "cold turkey," or withdrawal unassisted by chemical crutches such as methadone.

The ordeal can be excruciating. Early in the process, which can take a week or ten days, the addict's eyes water and his nose runs while sweat pours from his body. By the third day, he is likely to be wracked by severe intestinal cramps, diarrhea, vomiting and nerve spasms. Goose bumps cover his body; they make his skin resemble that of a plucked fowl and give the process its name in the U.S. Cold turkey is rarely fatal—the Japanese claim 100% survival for those treated in hospitals—but the urge to commit suicide can be strong.

Verge of Hell. Many U.S. physicians believe that such agony is neither necessary nor desirable. They prefer to assist the addict through his withdrawal with other drugs (TIME, Jan. 4, 1971) and even to keep a patient on a heroin substitute indefinitely if necessary. But the Japanese, who have always taken a puritanical attitude toward drugs, regard this as a continuation of addiction.

The country's first antidrug law, adopted in the 1880s, prescribed *zan-shu*, decapitation with a samurai sword, for those trafficking in narcotics. Opium eating, a major problem in 19th century China, never caught on in Japan. After World War II, however, heroin began to gain a foothold. Rival gangs pushed the drug among prostitutes and in the underworld generally, bringing Japan to what Tokyo Social Worker Michinari Sugahara called "the verge of hell."

The authorities moved to end heroin use before it spread to the coun-

try's teen-agers. A government-financed public relations campaign, assisted by the press, lectured the public on the drug's social, moral and medical dangers. The 1963 statute persuaded drug abusers that the government meant business. Some pushers reacted to the new law by simply dropping out of the business. In some brothels, the gangsters themselves forced girls to go through cold turkey; those reluctant to kick the habit were sometimes tied to their beds until withdrawal symptoms ended. Others were put in government-run hospitals that had been constructed specifically for drug offenders.

The medical profession cooperated fully with law enforcement agencies, taking the attitude that addiction is not merely a personal medical problem but an offense against society. Says Tokyo Narcotics Agent Hiromasa Sato: "Addicts found no alternative but to capitulate, and eventually submitted to cold turkey. *Sayonara*."

Not for Export. Drug abuse has not been completely eradicated, of course. Youngsters now go in for glue sniffing and amphetamines, and a heroin arrest is still made occasionally. But Japan's success has been dramatic enough to awe visiting American experts. Can the Japanese system be exported to the U.S.? Many U.S. experts think not. Japan's population is homogeneous, generally law-abiding and, where national goals are concerned, responsive to official appeals for cooperation. Americans are far more heterogeneous and resistant to authoritarian preaching. The young, in particular, insist increasingly on asserting their "individual rights." Many officials feel that it would be difficult to get wide support for a system that emphasizes the punishing process of withdrawal.

Dr. Vincent Dole of New York's Rockefeller University Hospital, a pioneer in the use of methadone, argues that physicians should relieve, not increase, the suffering of the heroin addict. Most drug users apparently agree. Addicts are far more likely to turn themselves in for treatment if chemical substitutes are offered than if the prospect is cold turkey. The flaws in that argument are that American treatment programs have a high relapse rate and that the addiction epidemic is nowhere near being checked in the U.S.

Chemicals for Cancer

In seeking new ways to fight cancer, researchers have been experimenting with combination treatments. Leukemia, a cancer of the blood that kills 2,000 children under the age of 15 in the U.S. each year, has been found to respond to a double-barreled ap-

proach. One phase uses cytotoxic (cell-destroying) drugs to combat the cancer itself; the other consists of X-ray treatment of the head and spinal column to prevent involvement of the nervous system, a frequent and fatal complication of the disease. Dr. Joseph Simone of St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis told an American Cancer Society/National Cancer Institute meeting in New York that this dual approach may ultimately lead to a cure for childhood leukemia. Of 30 youngsters to undergo the treatment, 18 have enjoyed complete relief for at least 3½ years. Dr. James Holland of Buffalo reported success with a straight chemotherapeutic approach. Twenty-seven children were treated with drug combinations during the past 3½ years; only one has died.

KEZU HENDE



HEROIN ADDICT...

...GOING THROUGH COLD TURKEY



COVER STORY

The Occult: A Substitute Faith

It is Saturday night. A young Army officer and his wife welcome a small group of people to their comfortable split-level home, which stands amid the tidy landscaping of a housing development in Louisville. The guests—most of them dressed neatly in sports clothes—include a computer programmer, a store clerk, a dog trainer and a psychology major from the nearby University of Louisville. They all troop downstairs to a vinyl-floored recreation room.

Is this a bridge party? A committee meeting for a charity drive? Hardly. The hour is midnight. On the front door of the house is an orange emblem showing black pitchforks. Downstairs, the party is gathered solemnly before a black-draped altar. Facing them, on the wall, is a chartrreuse goat-image superimposed on a purple pentagram. "Tonight there is one among us elected to the priesthood of Mendes," intones one of the men. "Satan, thou hast seen fit to charge Warlock Shai with thy priesthood on earth... the dedication of the human race." Reciting an ordination rite first in Latin and then in English, the speaker taps a second man on each shoulder with a sword. Someone pours flash powder on the sterno altar flame and whoosh! Fire leaps toward the ceiling.

This recent scene—and many a similarly bizarre one—is being re-enacted all across the U.S. nowadays. In Oakland, Calif., when the moon is full, a group of college-educated people gather in a house in a middle-class neighborhood, remove their clothes, and whirl through the double spiral of a witches' dance. In southern New Jersey, a 30-year-old receptionist winds thread around a voodoo doll and sticks steel pins into it in a determined effort to harass a rival at the office into resigning. In Chicago, from 75 to 100 otherwise ordinary people—mostly professionals, such as office managers, nurses, social workers and chemists—meet weekly in The Temple of the Pagan Way to take instruction in ancient witchcraft and ceremonial magic from a high priest and priestess.

Crystal Balls. A wave of fascination with the occult is noticeable throughout the country. It first became apparent a few years ago in the astrology boom, which continues. But today it also extends all the way from Satanism and witchcraft to the edges of science, as in Astronaut Edgar Mitchell's experiment in extrasensory perception from aboard Apollo 14. In this area, serious researchers in the field of parapsychology are increasingly interacting

with devotees of such claimed occult gifts as prophecy and telepathy to probe the powers of the human mind. Indeed, the very word occult—denoting hidden knowledge, secret arts or unexplainable phenomena—is no longer fully appropriate. While some practitioners still jealously guard their secrets, much of what once seemed occult has long since emerged from underground.

A good deal of the activity focuses around occult bookshops, which often offer subsidiary courses and services as well. One of the busiest is the Metaphysical Center in San Francisco. Its book department sells out 65% of its \$25,000 stock every month. The center also presents tarot-card readings, day-long crash courses in palmistry (at \$25

mary's Baby—still the most terrifying of the lot—has spawned a series of occult successors, including, currently, *The Possession of Joel Delaney* and *The Other*. But the interest goes beyond books and movies: a growing number of colleges across the U.S. are offering courses on aspects of the occult.

New Alchemy. In a commercial sense, occultists seem to have discovered what alchemists sought for centuries: the ability to turn base materials into gold. The field even has its own monthly magazine, the *Occult Trade Journal*. Among the "marketing" reports that appeared in one recent issue is an article about Pan Am's new \$629 "Psychic Tour" of Great Britain, including a visit to a psychic healing center, a séance, and a day at Stonehenge with the chief of Britain's Most Ancient Order of Druids. Each tourist receives his own astro-numerology chart, and flight dates are astrologically plotted to be favorable.

A trip to Europe—especially Great Britain—would be right in keeping with the current boom. England is experiencing such a resurgence of witchcraft and other occult dabbling that an ecumenical commission of Anglicans and Roman Catholics recently recommended that each diocese appoint an official exorcist to drive out demons. In France, a popular seer named Madame Soleil gives weekday advice on radio, and rumors say that Black Masses are being performed in Paris and Lyons.

German Journalist Horst Knaut estimates that at least 3,000,000 West Germans subscribe to some form of the occult, and perhaps 7,000,000 more "sympathize with the secret sciences." Staid Switzerland abounds with oddball sects, including one in which a supposedly "possessed" girl was tortured to death a few years ago. In Italy, it is not so much the quantity as the quality of occultism that has changed. Long a part of Italy's superstitious southern peasant culture, occultism has moved north to the industrialists, the doctors and lawyers of the affluent upper class.

Author Owen Rachleff (*The Occult*)



SATANISTS' INVERTED PENTAGRAM
A desire for mystery.

each), reincarnation workshops, and classes in astral projections, numerology and the esoteric Hebrew mystical system, the cabala. There is even a gift shop that sells ritual robes, amulets, special incense made from herbs, and crystal balls (large size, \$25; small, \$16.50).

Conventional bookshops have felt the impact too. In Manhattan's courtly old Scribner Book Store on Fifth Avenue, books on the occult have completely taken over a counter that was once reserved for more traditional religious books (theological, inspirational and other churchy volumes are now relegated to a side bookcase).

Major publishers have issued dozens of hard-cover books on the occult and the related field of parapsychology in the past year. William Blatty's novel *The Exorcist* has been on the bestseller list for 52 weeks. The 1968 movie *Rose-*

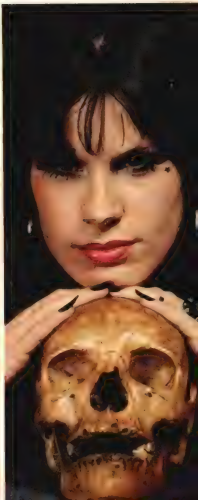
At San Francisco's First Church of Satan, Founder Anton LaVey (with horns and sword) leads costumed members in a "ceremony of the beasts," affirming animal nature of man. Below: a member of California witchcraft coven assumes a womb position for a birthlike rite of passage to a higher degree.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY JACK AND BETTY CHESTNUT





Women have prominent roles in the occult. In Spotswood, N.J., the high priestess of the Satanist Lilith Grotto is a former model whose cult name is Lilith Sinclair. Above, she leads grotto members in a "ritual of compassion," in which a written supplication is speared on a sword point and burned before a Mendes Goat shield, symbol of Satan. This particular prayer was for the restoration of her parents' home and possessions, recently destroyed by fire. At near right, Hungarian-born Artist Elizabeth Havassy-Kabat lounges in her apartment in San Francisco's Sunset district. Like many occultists, "Lady Elizabeth," as she enjoys being called, is eclectic; she says she is "into" white witchcraft, palm reading, I-Ching, Tarot, dream interpretation, seances, numerology, astrology and ESP. Karla La Vey, far right with skull, is more single-minded: A Satanist like her father Anton La Vey (preceding page), Karla, 19, describes herself as a "complete witch." A sophomore at City College of San Francisco, she is studying criminology.





Crystal ball in hand, Eloise Strickland, left, sits on a Victorian hallstand in a "magical" boutique she and her husband run in San Francisco. The shop features Eloise's original fashions, which she claims she literally "dreams" up in her sleep; the gown and cape she is wearing are her designs. Below, at a ritual of The Pagan Way in Chicago, High Priestess Donna Cole anoints the forehead of High Priest Herman Enderle. Their coven combines white witchcraft with traditional paganism. Bottom, an artist known only by his surname, Satty, sits with a samurai sword in his lap in a bone-decorated lair in San Francisco, one of the "created environments" he constructs to weave an atmosphere for his followers. Satty, who immigrated to the U.S. from Germany, calls his art "subjective alchemy." Instead of changing base metals into gold—as medieval alchemists tried to do—he says he changes fragmented people into integrated spirits.





Conceit, who teaches a course called Witchcraft, Magic and Astrology at New York University, takes a dim view of the whole movement. "Most occultists," says Rachleff, "are either frauds of the intellectual and/or financial variety, or disturbed individuals who frequently mistake psychosis for psychic phenomena." Yet for all its trivial manifestations in tea-leaf readings and ritual gawgaws, for all the outright nuts and charlatans it attracts, occultism cannot be dismissed as mere fakery or faddishness. Clearly, it is born of a religious impulse and in many cases it becomes in effect a substitute faith.

Much of the occult, after all, is man's feeble attempt to become godlike, to master the world around him. It is, in short, magic, the earliest of man's religious responses. The world's oldest art works, the primitive animal paintings in the cave at Lascaux in southwestern France, for example, were Stone Age man's magical invocation of success in the hunt. The astrology so many millions follow today is a direct legacy from the astronomer priests of Babylonia. Even when Christianity spread through Europe, many in the countryside kept their rustic rites along with the new religion. ("Pagan" stems from the Latin *paganus* meaning "country dweller" and "heathen" from "dweller on the heath.") For centuries, magical arts and Christianity lived in uneasy coexistence, as they still do in Latin American countries. But then, out of ancient lore and the minds of medieval churchmen, came the Devil.

Winged Creature. He was not a Christian invention. One of his most persistent forms in the popular imagination—the horned, winged creature with claws—dates at least as far back as ancient Mesopotamia, where it was the image of Pazuzu, the malaria-bearing demon of the southwest wind, the "king of the evil spirits of the air." In the Old Testament the Devil was *satan*, the Hebrew word for adversary, as in the *Book of Job*. Throughout the Old Testament, he remains clearly subject to the wrath and will of Yahweh. But the New Testament began to give the Devil stature, especially with Jesus' temptation in the desert, when the Devil offered him all the kingdoms of the world (*Matthew 4:8-9*).

By the time the early church fathers were compiling a theology of the Devil, the mystery religion of Gnosticism was on the scene, proclaiming that the world and all material things in it were

irredeemably evil. Taking up the Gnostics' bias, the fathers often wrote as if Satan really were the ruler of the world, or at least its viceroy.

Meantime, an entire mythology of the origin of devils arose. One story, based largely on a nonbiblical narrative known as the *Book of Enoch* (and brief mentions in *Genesis* and the epistles of *Jude* and *II Peter*), told of an angelic race of "Watchers," who were tempted to have intercourse with terrestrial women, and sired a race of giants. The giants died in internecine battle, but their bodies gave forth demonic spirits that prowled the world doing evil.

It took centuries more for the church to condemn witchcraft and magic as exclusive tools of the Devil; persecution did not begin in earnest until the 13th century. By then much of the residual paganism had died out, and at least some of the witchcraft and magic had turned more sinister. The spirits now invoked for aid were demons; the pact was with the Devil. So at least the Dominican inquisitors saw it, and so many suspects admitted.

Corrupt Priest. Some of the confessions must have been sheer defiance: faced with a ruling establishment that was sanctified by the church, a resentful peasantry followed the only image of rebellion they knew—Satan. The satanic messiah became especially appealing in times of despair, such as the era of the plague known as the Black Death. Real or imagined, the pact with the Devil may have been the last bad hope for safety in a world fallen out of joint. Thousands died in the persecution, many of them probably guilty only of delusion. Even benevolent magic was swept away in the purges: the "good walkers" of Friuli in the 16th century believed that their spirits rose from their bodies as they slept and went out into the fields to do battle with evil forces. Despite their good intentions, they were categorized as witches and condemned by the church.

Others were not so guiltless. A peak of sulfur-and-brimstone intensity was reached by the Satanists of 17th century France, who were rooted out by a secret court under Louis XIV. A famous case of that day involved a series of demonic rituals commissioned by a mistress of Louis who felt that she was falling out of favor. To regain the monarch's love, she had a corrupt priest say sacrilegious Masses* over her nude body in a subterranean Paris chamber, sacrificing a live child at the height of each Mass.

Despite such malevolent connec-

*Authorities are divided on what constituted a Black Mass and how many there ever were. Some sacrilegious Masses were merely ordinary Masses offered for evil intentions. Others may have involved the profaning of a consecrated host, the saying of inverted prayers, the use of crosses upside down and a nude woman on the altar. Some of the worst profanations were probably the exaggerations of church inquisitions, fantasized in their horror of Satanism. If so, such later devices of the wicked as the Marquis de Sade and England's 18th century Hell-Fire clubs, simply took their cues from the inquisitions.

tions, Satan remained a temptingly attractive figure. Milton made him such a hero that next to him Christ looked almost pallid. Faust's fiendish friend, Mephistopheles, is one of literature's great protagonists. It is no new thing for the Rolling Stones to conjure up *Sympathy for the Devil*. He had it long ago, even from so famous a church father as Origen, who speculated that Satan and his fallen angels would be saved at the end of time.

Even the Enlightenment did not do the Devil in. Just as ancient Romans flocked to mystery cults in the days of religious and political decay, so do modern men seek out the occult in times of stress or excessive pragmatism. The Victorian period saw one such flower-



WITCH SYBIL LEEK WITH PET JACKDAW
Base materials into gold.

ing, the 1920s another. Now an occult revival has come to the space age.

Despite the bewildering variety of fads and fascinations involved in it, there are roughly four main categories, and Lucifer still has his place:

SATANISM. "Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the earth. If a man smite you on one cheek, SMASH him on the other!" This inverted gospel—from Anton Szandor La Vey's *The Satanic Bible*—sets the tone for today's leading brand of Satanism, the San Francisco-based Church of Satan. Founded in 1966 by La Vey, a former circus animal trainer, the Church of Satan offers a mirror image of most of the beliefs and ethics of traditional Christianity.

La Vey's church and its branches might well be called the "unitarian" wing of the occult. The members invest themselves with some of the most flamboyant trappings of occultism, but magic for them is mostly psychodrama—or plain old carnival hokum. They in-

In Santa Cruz mountains, members of the New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn lead a celebration of the spring equinox, an important date for witches. Center-right: some of the revelers, including Aidan Kelly, second from left. Below: Teen Challenge Jesus People in Brooklyn hold group exorcism for "possessed" girl. She was cured.

RELIGION

voked Satan not as a supernatural being, but as a symbol of man's self-gratifying ego, which is what they really worship. They look down on those who actually believe in the supernatural, evil or otherwise.

La Vey's church is organized, incorporated and protected under the laws of California. La Vey, 42, stopped giving out membership figures when his followers, who are grouped in local "grottoes," reached a total of 10,000. The most striking thing about the members of the Church of Satan (one of whom is shown on TIME's cover) is that instead of being exotic, they are almost banal in their normality. Their most insidious contribution to evil is their resolute commitment to man's animal nature, stripped of any spiritual dimension or thought of self-sacrifice. There is no reach, in Browning's famous terms—only grasp. Under the guise of eschewing hypocrisy, they actively pursue the materialistic values of the affluent society—without any twinge of conscience to suggest there might be something more.

They jockey for upward mobility in the five degrees of church membership, which closely resemble those in witchcraft covens: apprentice, warlock (or witch), wizard (or enchantress), sorcerer (or sorceress) and magus—the degree that La Vey holds. The ruling Council of Nine, which La Vey heads, makes appointments to various ranks on the basis not only of the candidate's proficiency in Satanist doctrine but also his "dining preferences," the "style of décor" in his home, and the "make, year and condition" of his automobile.

The Army officer who celebrated the recent ordination in Louisville is a fourth-degree Satanist priest, a member of the Council of Nine and editor of La Vey's "confidential" newsletter, the *Cloven Hoof*. He is also the author of a widely used ROTC textbook. Other La Vey Satanists include a Marine Corps N.C.O. from North Carolina and, in New Jersey's Lilith Grotto, a real estate broker and an insurance executive. Beyond such devotees, La Vey's sinister balderdash reaches hundreds of thousands more through the black gospel of *The Satanic Bible* and his second book, *The Compleat Witch*, in which his advice reaches the downright sordid.

Besides La Vey's well-publicized group, there are some quasi-Satanists in the public eye. The Process Church of the Final Judgment (TIME, Sept. 6) includes Satan in its Godhead along with Christ, Jehovah and Lucifer (who is seen as a separate divinity), though it has been playing down Satan lately and emphasizing Christ. But the darker, more malevolent Satanists give only rare and tantalizing hints of their existence, and none at all of their numbers

—probably for good reason. Sociologist Marcello Truzzi of Florida's New College at Sarasota observes that one variety of this underground Satanism consists primarily of sex clubs that embellish their orgies with Satanist rituals. A larger variety, he says, are the drug-oriented cults, whose members improvise their Satanism as they go along.

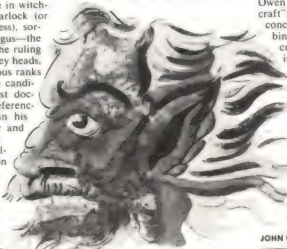
The most famous of such groups, so far, is the Charles Manson "family," but now and again other grisly items in the news reveal the breed. In New York this spring, police were searching for possible Devil worshipers in a grave-robbing incident. In Miami last summer, a 22-year-old woman Satanist killed a 62-year-old friend, stabbing him 46 times. Convicted of manslaughter, she drew a seven-year sentence, thanked Satan for her light penalty, and said that she had "enjoyed" the killing. In April she escaped from prison, and has not been recaptured.

WITCHCRAFT. In 1921, British Anthropologist Margaret Murray advanced the theory that witchcraft was basically a vestige of the nature worship of Europe's pagan days. Scholars

America's most famous witch, Sybil Leek, lives comfortably today in Florida, "practically a millionaire," she says, from sales of her books. She takes pride in being a hereditary witch whose lineage, she says, goes all the way back to 1134. Red-haired, with deep-set blue-green eyes, Sybil at 48 still looks her part. Like many another witch, she prefers to call her craft by the Anglo-Saxon name of *wicca*, which is thought to have referred to a kind of early medieval medicine man. She admits that witchcraft is power and bemoans the fact that in America "power leads to corruption. People wish to use witchcraft to personal advantage. [In] pure witchcraft, the life force is all important. Satanism is death. *Wicca* is a religion designed to preserve life."

Aidan Kelly's San Francisco Bay area coven seems more designed to celebrate life. Kelly, 31, a former Roman Catholic who is a manuscript editor of physics textbooks, generally follows a variety of witchcraft called Gardnerian, after a retired British customs official, Gerald Gardner, who formulated it in England in the 1940s. Gardnerian witchcraft is what Occult Debunker Owen Rachleff calls "library witchcraft"; it seems to have been largely concocted from books, perhaps combined with some rudimentary witchcraft practices of existing covens in the Hampshire hills. Kelly himself is one of the founders of a Gardnerian spin-off called the New Reformed Orthodox Order of the Golden Dawn, and has rewritten many of Gardner's rituals and created new ones of his own.

The main ritual is conducted every month when the moon is full. If the ceremony is indoors, it is conducted "sky-clad"—in the nude. It begins with a dance, men and women rotating in a circle facing



DEMON HEAD (19TH CENTURY)

have challenged her theory, but many of today's "white witches" take her suggestion and imitate pagan ways rather than satanic witchcraft. Generally, white witches derive their presumed power from beneficent forces of nature and use it in an effort to heal, resolve disputes and achieve good for others. Such benevolent magic may also include defensive spells against the maledictions of black witches. The black witches invoke power from the darker forces of nature—or Satan—and generally employ their magic for themselves, either in an attempt to acquire something or to cast a malicious spell on an enemy.

Credits (from left): The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology © 1959 Crown Publishers Inc.; Bob Willoughby—Lee Gross; The Louvre, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

JOHN CASSAVETES IN "ROSEMARY'S BABY"



out. "Thout-tout-a-tout-tout," they sing, "throughout and about." The men put their weight only on the toes of their left feet, which gives them a hobbling gait. At a certain moment, the priestess breaks free and guides the others inward in a spiral. When she gets to the center, she kisses the man next to her and begins to unwind the spiral. Each woman then kisses each man, and the spiral opens up into a circle again.

The double-spiral dance, claims Kelly, is a 6,000-year-old symbol of reincarnation, which the witches ardently believe in. Costume, obviously, is minimal: a white waist cord for first-degree witches, a red cord for second degree, and a magic knife called an *othamr*. So far, not even Kelly has felt prepared to go for the highest degree, the green garter. Among other things, it involves a milder version of what Gardner called the "Great Rite," an act of ritual sexual intercourse. "Nobody in our coven," says Kelly, "has felt ready to take it."

PROPHECY. Power, the occultists and their critics agree, is at the core of the occult quest for self-realization. Time and again, converts from traditional religions relate how they resented being told what to do by their priests or ministers, how the occult gives them freedom to do what they want, seek what they want. In Christianity the Gos-

pel message is submission to God; in the occult the ruling motive is control. One anxiety the occultists share with the rest of mankind is about the future. They want to know it, and many of them believe that they can glimpse it.

Astrology has long been the favorite method for divining the future, but

of all time. Nostradamus knew the trick: his writings were cryptic, and interpreters can read any number of different predictions into a single passage. Modern seers like Jeane Dixon are also generally vague, and they bolster their visions by keeping an observant eye on human nature and events. Sybil Leek,

for instance, predicted the likelihood of an assassination attempt on Presidential Candidate George Wallace—but many thoughtful and apprehensive laymen could have done the same.

The best-known modern seer is undoubtedly the late Edgar Cayce, a devout Protestant, who made his predictions in a sleep-like trance. His long-range prognostications, such as the imminent rise of the lost continent of Atlantis and another in the Pacific called Lemuria, have become cult favorites, but Cayce in fact had many misses in his predictions. What gave him his credibility was a more limited but very special talent, the ability to diagnose illnesses of persons many miles away. Many Americans—most, the optimistic would say—still find the craze for prophecy foolish and even bankrupt. Others may enjoy the predictions for what many of them are—a parlor entertainment. But millions, obviously, need reassurance about the future.



LUCIFER (15TH CENTURY)

many new occultists these days combine their interest in astrology with other ancient methods of divination. The *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese *Book of Changes*, provides one of them—an elaborate and complicated casting of sticks (or in another variation, coins). Their random order of fall directs the inquirer to appropriate passages in the book, which then guide his actions. Tarot cards are another favorite. The standard tarot deck has 78 cards, 56 of the "minor arcana," similar to and forerunners of modern playing cards, and 22 "major arcana" cards depicting such mystical symbols as The Devil, The Fool, The Lovers and The Hanged Man, each of which has many interpretations. The tarots can be laid out in several ways to tell fortunes and interpret character; one method sets them in the form of a cross, another in an outline of a "tree of life."

The most dramatic prophecies are made by individual psychics who claim the ability to foresee the future. The 16th century physician and astrologer Nostradamus is perhaps the most fa-

SPIRITUALISM. Spiritualists are often categorized merely as mediums to contact the "other side," as holders of séances to call up some departed spirit. In fact, that is only one of their functions. General practitioners of the occult, spiritualists often spend as much or more time healing and counseling as they do holding séances.

The art of spiritual healing is a gift frequently mentioned in the New Testament in connection with Jesus. Many a saint has since established his credentials with healing miracles, and many an evangelical preacher—and occultist—still tries. One such is the Rev. Bonnie Gehman, 32, an attractive woman who heads her own Spiritual Research Society in Orlando, Fla. Founded two years ago, S.R.S. offers religious services, training for mediums and healers, and healing services that evoke the style and flavor of Christian Healer Kathryn Kuhlman (TIME, Sept. 14, 1970).

At least a quarter of the Rev. Gehman's work is in health readings for those who seek her help in detecting illness; several reputable doctors in the area bring patients to her for diagnostic clues. Her information, in true spiritualist tradition, comes from "spirit guides," friendly sources on the "spirit side" who offer secret information to the "earth plane." On Sundays, standing in a pink chiffon dress in her pulpit, Bonnie will call out, "I want to talk to



ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIAN DEVIL PAZUZU

RELIGION

the lady in the pretty white dress. Those on the spirit side tell me to pass on to you a message not to worry about your lower back." To another woman: "Your husband has applied for a new job. They tell me it will be a choice of two things. Everything will be all right."

No skeptic has proven spiritualism to be valid, but there is a residue of the unexplained in these claimed psychic events, some occurrences that seem to defy the laws of chance or mere coincidence. It is just such phenomena that are currently being investigated by parapsychologists under the general heading of ESP, extrasensory perception: telepathy, communication from one mind to another without normal means; precognition, the prediction of future events; clairvoyance, the power to discern objects not present to the senses; and psychokinesis, the movement of material objects with the mind. While investigations go on, though, such gifts pose a problem for Christians. The Old Testament expressly forbids soothsaying; but the prophets' sort of future prediction was an obvious exception. The New Testament phenomenon of spiritual prophecy among early Christians was seen as a gift of the Holy Spirit—although Christians are warned to discern "good" spirits from bad.

Demonic Dangers. At least some clergymen have chosen the path of investigation. The late Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike was probably the most enthusiastic—and for more orthodox Christians, embarrassing—investigator, claiming to have communicated with his dead son with the aid of the minister-medium the Rev. Arthur Ford. Ford and other, somewhat less flamboyant Protestant ministers had even earlier formed a group known as the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship to open a bridge between traditional Christianity and the occult. For evangelicals and fundamentalists, on the other hand, nearly every aspect of the occult still remains a demonic danger, from ouija-board prophecy to the evocation of a personal and malevolent Satan. Some fundamental-

ists even attribute every non-Christian spiritual movement to the inspiration of demons.

Whether as a threat or a promise—or as an object lesson—occultism is a phenomenon with which a growing number of churchmen realize that they must come to terms. One who sees it from a particularly revealing angle is the Rev. Festo Kivengere, an Anglican evangelist in Uganda who has been on a speaking tour of the U.S. Kivengere, who was raised as an animist, discerns in occultism "a trend toward the kind of religion that most of my people were converted from."

Though his family worshiped the "Great God," he says, they sought the aid of spirits to prevent "catastrophes that were beyond our control." He senses a similar need in the West today—"something on which you can lean in this complicated life. There is a profound disappointment in the things that people put their trust in. Whatever his material welfare, man is threatened with non-being."

Philosopher Huston Smith of Massachusetts Institute of Technology is one of many authorities who see the occult revival as a response to the failure of science and reason, a movement spurred by the conviction that technology has failed to make the world better, as Americans long believed it would. Dean J. Stillson Judah of the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley suggests that today's young people "cannot live as so many of us do, without the depth of myth and symbol and the richness of mysticism that existed before the rise of the empirical scientific attitude."

In his 1970 book *What About Horoscopes?* Evangelical Author-Editor Joseph Bayly lays much of the blame at the door of traditional Christianity. "Another age might have turned to the church in its anxiety and desire for a mystical element in life," writes Bayly. "But to many people, today's church seems impotent because it is identified with the problems it should be solving. They see the church as a mere out-

ticator of the Establishment. The individual is a unit to be counted in large church meetings, his money rung up, just as he is counted by business, university and government for their purposes. Beauty's holiness, or holiness's beauty, fades before pragmatism and expediency. But the desire for mystery will be satisfied."

Magician Playmate. Mixed with the desire for mystery, though, is undoubtedly a desire for mere novelty. Jesuit Theologian John Navone of Rome's Pontifical Gregorian University, who held a "Devil Day" at the Gregorian recently to discuss the theology of the Devil, so far is not seriously alarmed by the recrudescence of Satanism. In modern Devil cults, he argues, the Devil "is more often a type of magician playmate, the product of a *Playboy* culture rather than the malign personal being found in Scripture. These cults tend to use the Devil for a type of arcane amusement, whereas the unamusing Devil that appears in Scripture manages to use men for his dark purposes."

Sociologist Truzzi argues somewhat similarly in a recent issue of the *Sociological Quarterly*. "If we fully believed in demons," Truzzi writes, "we certainly would not want to call them up." For most occultists, he says, the occult arts and practices are just a form of "pop religion," more healthy than dangerous. "It shows a playful contempt for what was once viewed seriously by many, and still is by some." Mass interest in the occult indicates "a kind of victory over the supernatural, a demystification of what were once fearful and threatening cultural elements. What were once dark secrets known only through initiation into arcane orders are now exposed to everyone."

There is a danger, of course, in taking the Devil too lightly, for in doing so man might take evil too lightly as well. Recent history has shown terrifyingly enough that the demonic lies barely beneath the surface, ready to catch men unawares with new and more horrible manifestations. But the Devil taken too seriously can become the ultimate scapegoat, the excuse for the world's evils and the justification for men's failure to improve themselves.

Perhaps the ideal solution would be to give the Devil his due, whether as a symbolic reminder of evil or a real force to be conquered—but to separate him, once and for all, from "magic." Beyond all the charlatanism, there is a genuine realm of magic, a yet undiscovered territory between man and his universe. Perhaps it can once more be accepted as a legitimate pursuit of knowledge, no longer hedged in by bell, book and candle. Perhaps, eventually, religion, science and magic could come mutually to respect and supplement one another. That is a fond vision, and one that is pinned to a fragile and perpetually unprovable faith: that the universe itself is a whole, with purpose and promise beneath the mystery.

CALIFORNIA SPIRITUAL HEALER PERFORMING PSYCHIC SURGERY ON PATIENT



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The sweet side of good nutrition.

Naturally, you have mixed feelings when you see your child sail into a nice big drippy ice cream cone. Is he going to end up just pushing his food around on the plate at supper?

Here are some facts that may reassure you.

Unless you are dieting, it's not wise for anybody to snack just before a meal, or load up on too much of anything at anytime. But from watching your own children, you know that just going and growing, kids use up a lot more body fuel for their size than adults.


Your child may respond by reaching for an ice cream cone or something else containing sugar. It's almost as though he instinctively realizes that sugar will give him a fresh supply of body fuel.

But more realistically, he likes sugar's good natural sweetness which promotes a healthy sense of satisfaction and well-being.

If you're worried about overeating, here's a simple way to check. Take a look at your child. If he's not fat, he's probably not overeating.

Nutritionists agree the way to insure good nutrition for children and adults alike is a balanced diet. One that supplies the right kinds and right amounts of protein, vitamins, minerals, fats, carbohydrates. And sugar is an important carbohydrate. In moderation, sugar has a place in a balanced diet.

Sugar. It isn't just good flavor; it's good food.



Sugar isn't the only nutrient in an ice cream cone. An average cone (12 gm.) plus a good scoop of vanilla ice cream (90 gm.) provides 5 gm. protein, 29 gm. carbohydrate, 11 gm. fat, 60 mg. sodium, 130 mg. calcium, 13 mg. magnesium, 450 units of Vitamin A, 0.2 mg. riboflavin (vitamin B₂), 240 calories.

For more facts about good nutrition, and sugar's role in it, write:
Sugar Information, Cleveland P.O. Box 24,
New York, New York 10021.

New Rules for Judges

After Abe Fortas' scandal-clouded resignation from the Supreme Court, Chief Justice Earl Warren, members of Congress and other critics called for a tightening of judicial ethics in order to eliminate ambiguities surrounding a judge's conduct of office. Last week a 14-man special committee of the American Bar Association completed a three-year study of the A.B.A.'s half-century-old code of ethics.

"We've avoided trying to write a new edition of the Ten Commandments or an annotated edition of the seven deadly sins," says former California Supreme Court Chief Justice Roger Traynor, head of the A.B.A. committee. "We don't have as many rhetorical, hortatory, pious expressions as they had in the old canons. We've tried to meet head-on the crucial issues."

The committee's recommendations: **OUTSIDE INCOME.** The committee proposed that a judge be forbidden to serve as a director, adviser or employee of any private business. He could manage his own investments, but only in a way that would "minimize the number of cases in which he might have to disqualify himself." He may not act as an executor, or in any other capacity, for the estate of anyone except a member of his immediate family. If he has time, a judge may engage in certain nonjudicial activities that do not give even "the appearance of impropriety," but he must publicly reveal the amount of money he is paid—and who paid it. That proviso would cover the \$20,000 fee paid to Fortas by the Wolfson Foundation, which led to his resignation after the arrangement was revealed by LIFE.

POLITICS. The revised code continues to recommend that a judge's political activity be strictly limited to his own reelection. It would also bar any judge from serving on a governmental committee or commission, except one that is concerned with the improvement of justice. This provision apparently was inspired by the controversy over Warren's service on the commission that investigated the Kennedy assassination.

LAW. All full-time judges would be barred from any private practice of law. A part-time judge could continue to make ends meet by carrying on a limited practice, but he may not work on any case being heard by another judge on the court in which he serves.

The new code is expected to be endorsed by the A.B.A. this summer, after which federal and state authorities will consider it. The existing A.B.A. code was adopted by most states, but not by the federal judiciary. The chances may be better this time, since Chief Justice Warren Burger, like Warren before him, has declared his interest in strengthening federal judicial ethics.

The War Tax Protesters

If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood.

Henry David Thoreau's refusal to pay his poll taxes, which would have supported the U.S. invasion of Mexico, earned him a night in jail in 1846. Today, tax resistance is once again becoming a lively philosophical issue. The best-known recent convert is Jane Hart, wife of Michigan Senator Philip Hart, who announced last month that she "cannot contribute one more dollar to purchase more bombs."

That does not necessarily mean that Mrs. Hart is destined to spend a night or so in jail. Up to a point, in fact, it is possible to practice tax resistance and more or less get away with it.

For those who refuse to pay all or part of their income taxes—1,740 Americans took that step last year—the Internal Revenue Service and the resisters have worked out a courtly minuet. Thus, such longtime resisters as Folk Singer Joan Baez file returns (not to do so is a misdemeanor) that fully report income (to report inaccurately is fraud). They then withhold all or a percentage of their estimated tax as "war tax credit." The IRS files a lien on their bank accounts and takes the money. Technically, this form of resistance constitutes willful failure to pay, punishable by a maximum \$10,000 fine and one year in prison. So far, the government has chosen not to prosecute anyone from whom it recovers the money due, as it has from Miss Baez.

The conflict gets more complicated when withholding is involved. Some protesters have taken to claiming large numbers of dependents in order to lower or eliminate all withholding. But a few protesters who have tried this approach have been prosecuted. At least one is now serving six months for having claimed 14 dependents.

A safer and more popular form of symbolic protest, according to Robert Calvert, coordinator of the New York-based War Tax Resistance center, is to stop paying the 10% federal excise tax on telephone bills. The money involved is small, and the telephone company can't collect it. One phone company tried cutting off the service of a Mississippi protester. It was reinstated after she complained to the Federal Communications Commission. The phone company practice is simply to inform the IRS of the protester's refusal and take no further action. The number of phone resisters doubled from 28,760 in 1970, to 56,445 in 1971, and now the IRS has begun pressing efforts to collect.

It takes a lien for the few dollars owed and orders the protester's bank to turn over the money, for which some banks charge the depositor \$5 to \$20. If a bank account cannot be found, the IRS looks for other assets. In Boulder, Colo., Bob Marcus owed \$1.25 in phone tax, whereupon the IRS seized his Volkswagen, auctioned it for \$277, deducted the tax, and gave him the balance.

The Government claims that the war tax protest amounts to very little loss of actual revenue, citing the fact that the number of income tax protesters in 1971 was up only 92 from the year before. The resisters argue that, like Thoreau, they are fighting for a matter of principle. They also take a modest pride in the fact that their harassment has forced the IRS to assign someone at each major center to the task of "Viet Nam Protest Coordinator."

BOB CALVERT LEADING WAR TAX PROTESTERS AT MANHATTAN'S IRS OFFICE



Still the Master

FRENZY

Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
Screenplay by ANTHONY SHAFFER

In case there was any doubt, back in the dim days of *Marnie* and *Topaz*, Hitchcock is still in fine form. *Frenzy* is the dazzling proof. It is not at the level of his greatest work, but it is smooth and shrewd and dexterous, a reminder that anyone who makes a suspense film is still an apprentice to this old master.

Frenzy is the first film that Hitchcock has shot in England for more than 20 years. Like a prodigal at home again, he lets his camera roam lovingly across London—Tower Bridge to Covent Garden, Hyde Park to Scotland Yard, where Chief Inspector Oxford (Alec McCowen) is trying to solve the unsavory murders of a dozen London women who have been strangled with a silk tie.

The latest to fall victim to the strangler are the ex-wife (Barbara Leigh-Hunt) and the girl friend (Anna Massey) of a former R.A.F. ace, Richard Blaney (Jon Finch). The screenplay by Anthony Shaffer, author of the Broadway thriller *Sluth*, almost too painstakingly builds up the circumstantial evidence that points to the ex-flyer as the killer. After Blaney is in custody he finds out what the audience has known all along: that he has been framed by his good pal Bob (Barry Foster).

The film has some shaky motivation and more than a fair share of trickery, but Hitchcock is such a superb storyteller that few viewers will even notice till well after the final fadeout. What they will notice is the perversity of the film. In one mind-boggling sequence,

Bob tries to pry his diamond pin from the stiff fingers of the corpse that he has stashed inside a potato sack.

The actors are all proficient; Foster's flamboyant Bob, picking his teeth with that tie pin, is particularly telling. There are also Hitchcock's usual moments of high comedy, here involving Inspector Oxford and his wife, who is taking a course in gourmet cookery and assaults her husband's stubbornly English palate with a selection of highly sauced dishes. It is an old joke that would have worn pretty thin but for the performances of Alec McCowen and Vivien Merchant, the most elegant comic acting seen in movies in a long while.

• Joy Cocks

Alfred Hitchcock professed to be indignant at being misquoted. "It has been said that I called actors cattle. I would never say such a rude, insulting thing," he told *TIME*'s Gerald Clarke last week. "What I probably said was that all actors should be treated like cattle."

At 72, the world's most famous film director may waddle a bit more slowly and his double chin may now be subdivided into a triplex, but no one, particularly an actor who strays into his corral, can doubt that there is still only one brand on a Hitchcock film.

Hitchcock writes, films and edits a picture—on a screen some place behind his hazel eyes—long before the cameras are loaded. "I can make a film on paper," he says. "I never improvise." The grisly scene in *Frenzy* in which the killer wrestles with a dead body in a potato sack—almost certain to be enshrined by the Cahierists—was dictated by Hitchcock to his secretary one day at lunch, with every stomach-curling

movement laid out in exactly 118 takes.

The actual filming is almost an afterthought. The script and preparation of *Frenzy*, for example, took six months, and Hitchcock's always meticulous casting took another two. Shooting, by contrast, lasted only 55 days. When the cameras begin rolling, says Hitchcock, "I'd just as soon not make the picture. The creative thing is over, and you begin to compromise."

Few modern films are "cinematic" enough for Hitchcock. "What do you see now?" he asks. "Photographs of people talking, which is only an extension of the theater. Or car chases, which are just movement. Pure cinema is the assembly of pieces of film that when put together create an idea in the mind of the audience. And out of that idea comes an emotion."

Greatest Enemy. With Hitchcock, in films and in life, style is everything, and not the smallest detail escapes his eye. His dress is impeccable if funereal, and his life, so serene as to seem un-Hitchcockian, is as well planned as his movies. He and his wife of 46 years, Alma, live in a two-bedroom house in Bel Air, Calif.; the only thing unusual about it is the large kitchen, with walk-in refrigerator and a wine cellar, which has a vast if diminishing collection. The prices of French wines today are too much even for a director who makes on the order of \$500,000 a film.

Rarely do he and Alma entertain, and just as rarely do they allow themselves to be entertained. Bedtime, in fact, is a spartan 9 o'clock; he gets up at 7, and when he is between pictures is usually in his office at Universal Studios in Los Angeles by 10, poring over scripts, stories and reports of juicy murders in the London papers.

"Nobody," Hitchcock claims, "has a sense of humor any more," and he has quit playing practical jokes on his friends. But he relishes them in retrospect. Once, he remembers, he served a dinner in which everything on the table, from meat to butter, was dyed blue. Another time he put place cards of non-guests behind each plate, so that no one was sure that he was in fact invited. Now, fortunately perhaps for everyone, he confines his rather special sense of humor to the screen.

Just Alive

A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG
Directed by PETER MEDAK
Screenplay by PETER NICHOLS

It begins as an ordinary day in a distinctly uncommon marriage. Bri (Alan Bates) comes home to his Bristol flat after a typically wretched time teaching school. His wife Sheila (Janet Suzman) has tea waiting and dinner warming in the oven. They joke together, Bri tries to coax Sheila into bed, and their only child comes home from school. She is called, with a mixture of brutal humor and despair, Joe

FOSTER & POTATO SACK IN "FRENZY"

HITCHCOCK BESIDE HIS DIRECTOR'S CHAIR



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ALAN BATES AS JOE EGG'S FATHER
Macabre tour de force.

Egg. She is autistic, beyond help and hope—a child barely aware of her own life who slumps in her high chair like a boiled vegetable.

Around Joe, Bri and Sheila have constructed an elaborate masquerade. To deal with the pain of her presence, they make jokes about her and about themselves, awful mocking fantasies full of guilt. *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* is not about a retarded child, however, but about the dissolution of a marriage. "She's only just alive," Sheila says once about Joe. "But she's the life we've made." That is exactly why Bri tries to destroy her.

Originally a play that had a good run in both London and Manhattan, *Joe Egg* was written by Peter Nichols, himself the father of a spastic child. Boisterous and harrowing, it is a macabre tour de force. But Nichols' adaptation for the screen is stubbornly stagebound, and the young Hungarian director Peter Medak does nothing to liberate it. The film seems forced and artificial, and the bilious lighting makes it look as if it had been staged inside a plastic showcase.

Alan Bates (*The Fixer*, *Women in Love*) is an actor of supreme craftsmanship, but here he is strangely irresolute. The part calls for him to perform a couple of vaudeville turns, imitating the Mitteleuropäischer doctor who first diagnosed the child's brain damage and a batty vicar who tries to help. Bates pushes for the comedy as he does for almost every other emotion, and the strain shows. Miss Suzman, who last appeared as Alexandra in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, is good when Sheila is tough and tart but bad when she is tender. When she recalls finding Joe playing with building blocks in a way that just for that one moment gave faint promise of normality, Miss Suzman recites the monologue as if it were a recipe for crumpets. ■ J.C.

TIME's Board of Economists

The Recovery Looks Good

FORECASTERS have been promising a good year for the economy in 1972, and judging by the results so far, they have been too cautious. Just about every measure—from corporate profits to the length of the average work week—has made the transition from hopeful promise to unmistakable power. Still, bosses and workers alike, with unpleasant memories of a recession fresh in their minds, are wondering how long profits will continue to rise and overtime checks fatten the payroll. Answer: Well into 1973 and perhaps longer, though there may be a Government spending hold-down and a tax increase to slow the expansion.

That is the judgment of TIME's Board of Economists. Board members were among the first to predict last fall that 1972 would be a healthy year, with the gross national product expanding by about \$100 billion. At their recent quarterly meeting, they were even more bullish than several months ago, largely because of the economy's present performance. First-quarter spending for new plant and equipment was up nearly 11% over the first quarter of 1971. Auto sales rolled to a near-record 1,027,000 units last month, and there is a shortage of some models because manufacturers cannot keep up with demand.

Most members of TIME's Board feel more confident than before that the G.N.P. will rise by \$100 billion or so, to some \$1,146 billion. "We have lots of headroom and a good head of steam," said the University of Minnesota's Walter Heller. Alan Greenspan, chairman

of Townsend-Greenspan economic consultants, reckons that corporate profits after taxes will climb 17% this year. Sales volume is running considerably higher than last year in most industries, he explained, and cost-cutting programs started during the recession are now beginning to pay off. In addition, consumers are doing a lot of "up-trading"—moving up from low-priced autos, for example, to higher-priced, and more profitable, models. The Price Commission is concentrating its scrutiny on larger companies, so their profit increases will tend to be somewhat lower than Greenspan's 17% average, and the gains of small firms somewhat higher. Said Joseph Pechman, director of economic studies at the Brookings Institution: "We are witnessing a very, very strong recovery of profits. In general, business will be doing quite well in the next year or year and a half."

Part of the increases in both G.N.P. and profits will be due to inflation. Food prices—particularly for meat—will jump again in the next few months, and will be a great source of concern for the Nixon Administration. The rises are already under way. Since April, whole chicken has gone up from 25¢ to 29¢ per lb. in Philadelphia, and pork loin from 59¢ to 69¢ in Chicago. Still, most members of TIME's Board believe that the Administration will attain its goal of holding overall price increases down to a rate of about 3% by year's end. So far, consumer prices are rising at an annual rate of 3%—welcome relief after the 5% and 6% gains of 1969 and 1970. Labor costs per unit of output are lev-

eling off. In addition, private nonfarm productivity is climbing at an annual rate of more than 4%, substantially better than the long-term average of 2.8%.

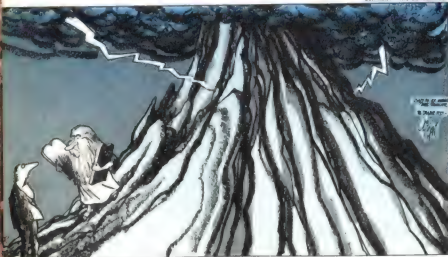
TIME's economists also believe that price controls have not yet begun to grip really hard, but that they will soon begin to do so—and there will be increasing complaints from business leaders as their companies scrape against the profit ceilings. At that time, probably several months from now, serious talk of relaxed controls can be expected. Price Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson hopes that the rate of inflation will be low enough to allow controls to be scrapped when the congressional authorization for them expires next April. He would prefer that Congress not even enact stand-by power for the President to reimpose controls in event of emergency because, as he says, "there would then be a tendency to reapply controls even if there is a mild resurgence in the rate of inflation."

Tougher Labor. Two of TIME's economists—Alan Greenspan and Beryl Sprinkel—tend to agree. Said Sprinkel: "There is a fifty-fifty chance that after the election, the Administration will declare a victory over inflation and abandon the control program." But the majority of TIME's Board figure that controls will be needed well into next year, partly because the dangers of rising prices will become increasingly severe as the economy continues to rebound. In addition, labor will be tougher to keep in line next year because there will be far more—and bigger—contracts up for renegotiation in 1973 than in 1972. There may be a particularly sharp confrontation between any wage controllers and the Teamsters when that union's contracts come up for renewal in mid-1973.

Unemployment remains a problem. It has been hovering around 5.9% for the past 18 months, and Board members do not anticipate much improvement. Brookings Economist Arthur Okun predicted that the rate would not dip to 5% until August 1973. Employers are cautious about rehiring, figuring that they will be able to draw from the large pool of jobless talent for a long time to come.

Another reason unemployment remains high is that the economy, while rebounding nicely, is still far from a freewheeling, 1960s-style boom. Industrial production, to take one presently strong indicator, has not yet expanded enough to top 1969 levels. In brief, the economy is moving at a good rate in the right direction, but, as a result of the recession, it is still appreciably below where it might be. Said Joseph Pechman: "The recovery is proceeding, but there is no evidence that it is getting out of hand." Even so, the Administration's policymakers are talking increasingly about the possibility of

"That's all very fine...do you have any word on food prices?"



having to take steps to keep business from overheating and inflation from reigniting. Herbert Stein, the President's chief economist, warned last week that Government spending cuts may be needed in the fall to keep the 1973 fiscal-year budget deficit from exceeding the \$27 billion already projected.

Any feasible cuts, however, could not be big enough to offset the increased outlays for existing programs and new public demands. To keep federal deficits from becoming too inflationary, a tax increase seems likely. TIME's Board members foresee a tax raise between mid-1973 and mid-1974, but most of them believe that at present the Government should not restrain spending but expand it. Said Walter Heller: "If there were such a thing as instant fiscal policy, I would still put more stimulus in the economy today—and more restriction later. Given any kind of responsible fiscal policy, there is a tax increase in our future."

Does It Matter Who Wins the Election?

In *State of the Union*, the 1945-46 Pulitzer prizewinning play by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, a woman newspaper publisher asks an old Republican political boss: "Is there any real difference between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party?" Cracks the pol: "All the difference in the world. They're in—and we're out!"

In economic policy, the differences can be much more pronounced than that. This year they loom particularly large because after the election, many crucial decisions will have to be made on tax reform, the fate of wage and price controls, the trade-off between inflation and unemployment. How will the outcome of the election influence these decisions? That question was examined by three members of TIME's Board of Economists: Walter Heller, who was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Beryl Sprinkel, a Republican and senior vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank; and Harvard's Otto Eckstein, a CIA member in the Johnson Administration. Their appraisals:

WALTER HELLER. The economy will be expanding nicely into 1973 no matter who is elected. But I do not mean that there isn't some philosophical difference between Democrats and Republicans on economic issues. There are five areas of disagreement.

No. 1 is the division between the private and public sector. The Democrats would support public programs—welfare, education, poverty—more generously than the Republicans.

No. 2 is willingness to intervene in private economic processes. There is no question that there will be a greater likelihood of wage-price intervention



BANKER BERYL SPRINKEL

by Democrats than by Republicans.

No. 3 involves unemployment and inflation. The trade-off between more jobs and higher prices would differ with the two parties. If President Nixon is re-elected, he would accept a higher level of unemployment—as a trade-off for a lower rate of inflation—than a Democratic President would.

No. 4 relates to the regulatory environment. The willingness to regulate more aggressively would be greater with a Democratic Administration.

No. 5 is income distribution. A Republican Administration would be much less likely than a Democratic one to mount a vigorous program to close tax loopholes.

BERYL SPRINKEL. There would be more inflation under a Democratic Administration and, in the very short run, an average level of unemployment a little higher under a Republican Administration. Over the longer pull, I would argue that unemployment would be lower with the Republicans. They are likely to avoid a stop-go policy of stimulus and restraint—that is, they would tinker less with the economy.

Another very important issue is the size of Government. We hear a lot of discussion about unfair distribution of income. This is really a debate about how much of our total resources we want to allocate to Government. It seems to me that the American public is opting for less of their resources being allocated to Government, and this is the direction in which the Republican Party is moving.

In terms of Government intervention in the economy, there would be less desire to misallocate resources through controls under a Republican Administration than under a Democratic one. I would apply this point not only to the wage-price controls, but also to the international scene. If our balance of payments continues to improve, as I believe it will, a Republican Administration will get rid of the controls on loans and investments to foreign countries that got started under President Kennedy.

OTTO ECKSTEIN. What we are seeing now is really the New Politics versus the



MINNESOTA'S WALTER HELLER



HARVARD'S OTTO ECKSTEIN
New v. Old Politics.

Old Politics, and the rise of a new generation to political power. If McGovern becomes President, he will do so because he has the support of a different group of people from those who would back a traditional, "old" political candidate who would be, after all, financed heavily and supported by the old political machines. The change would manifest itself in at least two ways. The first is the general area of business-Government relations—for example, the ITT case. It would not be possible under McGovern—and perhaps not even under Nixon in the future—for a corporation to work out its problems with the Government behind the scenes. From here on, business actions will be much more in the open, especially with a McGovern presidency.

The other area in which McGovern differs from the Old Politics is tax reform. The interesting part of McGovern's tax-reform agenda is the part that deals with wealth—that is, his plan to tax gifts and inheritances much more heavily. McGovern people perceive that the real disparity of economic status in the U.S. is not based on current income but on accumulated and inherited wealth. Where this approach will lead intellectually remains to be seen, but the attack on wealth is a relatively new issue and an issue that has a future. It just won't go away.

TRAVEL

The New Jet-Setters

THE travel industry is getting a boost from a new source: black economic power. Badgered by both legal and social barriers in the past, most blacks rarely wandered far from home. Those barriers are falling rapidly now—not only in the U.S. but in many countries round the world. As a result, airlines in the past several months have begun tying up with established black tour operators. Black newspapers, magazines and radio stations are being deluged with travel advertisements. A San Francisco tour operator, Bob Hayes, has written *The Black American Travel Guide* (Straight Arrow Books; \$6.95), and 4,000 copies have been sold since it was published nine months ago. Conservative estimates are that black tourists this year will spend \$800 million, and by next year \$1 billion, at airline ticket counters, on trains and buses and in hotels and restaurants.

Schoolteachers, college professors, doctors, lawyers and executives make up the bulk of the black tourist market. But a large number of black travelers are as likely to be bus drivers, waitresses or assembly-line workers. Many blacks now have better-paying jobs and often, as in millions of white families, both husband and wife work. The Census Bureau reported in 1970 that one-quarter of all U.S. black families earned more than \$10,000 annually and that the black median income increased 50% during the 1960s, compared with only a 35% increase for whites. Banks and other loan agencies have made it easier for blacks to borrow money for vacations. "And I jokingly tell some of them that a trip is the only thing that can't be repossessed," quips Freddie Henderson, operator of Atlanta-based Henderson Travel Service, one of the largest black travel agencies.

In almost every major city there is now a travel agency specializing in black tour packages. Most of them are run by experienced black travelers, such as Earl Jackson, a former New York City policeman who heads I.G.T. Travel in Queens; Louis Larkins of the Apollo Travel Agency in Chicago; Charles North of North Travel in Miami; and Alberto De Voe of De Voe Travel Service in Los Angeles. The agents not only know where blacks like to visit, but, says Hillarie Jones of Charm Travel, which has offices in Oakland and San Francisco, "we wouldn't recommend a small independent hotel unless we had tried it ourselves. They don't turn away black travelers, but often they might give them a small room with no view." The travel agents have found that blacks get good rooms at the hotels and motor inns operated by the major chains, such as the Hiltons and Holiday Inns.

Familiar U.S. vacation spots like Las Vegas and Disneyland are getting their share of the new tourists, but traveling abroad is becoming the more fashionable vacation. The InterAmerican Travel Agents Society estimates that 16% of all U.S. travelers going abroad this year will be blacks, up from 5% in 1965. Canada and countries where blacks are established government leaders, such as Jamaica and Trinidad, are already favorite black vacation destinations. This year more U.S. blacks than ever will visit African countries. An increasing number of black travelers are also jetting to such varied places as Japan, Hong Kong, Spain, France and Great Britain. South Africa and Rhodesia, split by racial turmoil at home, are about the only countries that still do not want these tourists.

Luau with Soul. More and more tour operators are tailoring their attractions for blacks. In Hawaii a typical luau staged for them includes soul music on ukuleles, and chittlins and black-eyed peas served along with suckling pig. Last month, TWA began offering a black-oriented tour program billed as the Sights, Sounds and Soul of Europe. It touches down in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. Typically, a day in London would include a tour of non-white communities, a side trip to Stratford-upon-Avon to see Shakespeare's *Othello* or other plays, and an evening of nightclubbing. The travelers are taken to African museums and nightclubs and invited to teas and smorgasbords at which local blacks are the hosts. Pan American has begun selling black-oriented tours to Africa and the Caribbean; American Airlines is also aiming at the Caribbean, while Western is promoting black tours to Acapulco. At American, Sales Development Director George Jackson has come up with a special "island vacations" program for blacks in Manhattan: 10c round trip to Staten Island, 70c to Long Island and \$168 to the Virgin Islands.

AMERICAN'S JACKSON WITH AD POSTERS



CUSTOMERS AT SAN FRANCISCO'S CHARM TRAVEL

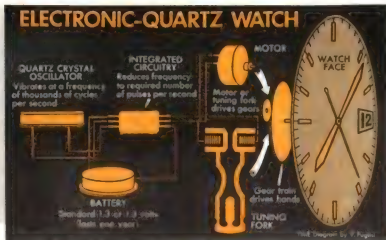


U.S. TOURISTS ARRIVING IN KENYA





LONGINES LCD



ACCUQUARTZ (BACK VIEW)

MARKETING

The World Watch War

Buying the traditional wristwatch for June graduates was once a relatively simple chore calling for little more than a choice of styles and prices. No longer. Whole new types of watches have hit the \$3-billion-a-year world market in the frenzied competition to lure buyers. Some of the new models are called "automatic," meaning self-winding; others are battery-powered and are variously called "electronic," "solid state" and "quartz crystal." Still another timekeeping development is about to reach the jewelry store. Early next year Longines will begin selling a "liquid crystal digital" (LCD) watch that is battery-powered and displays the hour, minute, second and date in digits on a miniaturized TV-like screen. The cost, about \$300.

The intensifying war of the watches involves the technological and marketing savvy of companies in three nations: Switzerland, Japan and the U.S. As usual, the Swiss dominate, with export sales of \$650 million last year, a total that amounted to nearly four-fifths of world exports. But the Swiss have been losing ground to the Japanese, whose watches generally are of somewhat lower quality and command lower prices than the Swiss. Last year Japanese watchmakers accounted for \$106 million in exports, and their sales jumped 10% in Europe and 50% in the U.S. Meanwhile, U.S. manufacturers, led by Timex and Bulova, produced 20 million watches last year, but sold only a fraction of them abroad.

A Minute a Year. The hottest battle is being fought over the quartz watch, which keeps time by the vibrations of a quartz crystal. It is judged to be the most accurate timepiece now on the market, losing or gaining only a minute a year, compared with one or two minutes a week for most other watches. Bulova introduced the first marketable quartz-crystal watch in 1970, but

its \$1,350 cost was prohibitive. Late last year Bulova brought out an improved and cheaper version, the \$395 Accuquartz, believed by many to be the best quartz watch on the market. By then Timex had begun marketing a quartz-crystal watch for \$125. Hamilton came out with its \$2,100 quartz-crystal Pulsar, and last month Japan's Seiko brought its three quartz timepieces to the U.S., the cheapest selling for \$450. This week Benrus will introduce the first quartz watch for women. Among the Swiss companies, Omega, Piaget, Girard Perregaux and Longines are selling quartz watches at prices from \$495 to \$2,250.

The quartz watch is a departure from the familiar windup and "automatic" watches. Gone are the mainsprings and most of the gears and cogs that keep a watch ticking. In their place is a single tiny quartz bar that vibrates when charged by electricity from a mercury-oxide battery the size of an aspirin tablet. Ground to the proper thickness, quartz has the inherent capability of vibrating at a precise and predictable rate—32,769 times per second in the case of the Bulova Accuquartz.

Depending on the brand of watch, these vibrations control several different mechanisms that turn the hour and minute hands. Bulova uses the electronic tuning fork developed in its Accutron watch, a battery-powered model that is just a shade less accurate than the Accuquartz. Timex employs a conventional balance wheel; Benrus, the Swiss and the Japanese use a "steppedown" motor. Linking these mechanisms to the quartz crystal is an integrated electronic-circuit chip, and U.S. electronic firms are enthusiastically moving to supply the chips to the quartz watch market. Japanese, Swiss and American watchmakers are buying theirs from such firms as Motorola and Texas Instruments.

There are a number of disadvantages to quartz watches. They must be returned to the factory to be serviced or repaired, and they are not shockproof. Some, like the Timex, are bulky. Quartz

watches are selling regardless, but they are expected to remain too costly for many years to compete in the low-priced market, which accounts for most of the sales. Four-fifths of all watches marketed in the U.S. are priced under \$40, while only one out of 20 costs \$100 or more.

The canny Swiss, while expanding in the quartz field, are moving to get a bigger hold as well on the low-priced market. Tissot is test marketing a lightweight watch under another brand name made almost entirely of mass-produced lightweight, durable plastic parts, and selling it for about \$20. Pierre Waltz, president of one of the biggest Swiss horological groups, proudly wears a plastic watch, and he says, "This might be as important a development as the electronic watch." Because the plastic case is sealed and cannot be opened for repairs, the new product will be the industry's first real throwaway watch.

OIL

Iraq's Stormy Petrol

In biblical times when the country was called Mesopotamia, the name became almost a synonym for a rich and fertile land, blessed by nature. Now the place is called Iraq. It is an oven-hot, barren landscape with a population of 9,750,000 and only one significant natural resource: oil. But today's energy-hungry technology has made Iraq's expansive oilfields the focus for half the world's attention.

Two weeks ago, in response to that attention, Iraq's zealously left-wing government nationalized some of the Western-owned oilfields. In the capital city of Baghdad, crowds cheered the militancy of President Ahmed Hassan Bakr; in Moscow, *Izvestia* hailed him as the Arab of the hour. For all their intoxicating dose of nationalism, the Iraqis now face the practical problem of pumping and selling their oil, which amounts to 10% of the Middle East's

BUSINESS

total. Perhaps their great friends, the Soviets, could help?

Foreign Minister Abdul Baki flew to Moscow and huddled with Premier Alexei Kosygin and other Soviet ministers. When the talks ended last week, the Russians and Iraqis had decided to negotiate bilateral economic agreements, but they failed to announce what Iraq wants: an oil deal. In Paris the French Cabinet considered, but did not immediately accept, Iraq's offer of a special arrangement with the French company that is part owner of the oil fields. Beirut newspapers began carrying front-page ads offering Iraqi oil at "realistic and competitive prices."

Iraq was in trouble. About two-thirds of Baghdad's budget comes from oil. By seizing the assets of the Iraq Petroleum Co. (IPC), worth an estimated \$500 million, Bakr & Co. endangered the bulk of their future revenues. Now the government must produce and market oil in the face of legal threats from one of the world's most powerful consortiums, IPC, which is owned by Standard Oil (New Jersey), Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell, British Petroleum, Compagnie Française des Pétroles and minority investors. The four senior partners are influential enough to block sales of Iraqi crude to other major oil companies. IPC also stands ready to act under international law to sequester cargoes of "stolen" Iraqi oil. British Petroleum has already seized tankers carrying oil from its wells in Libya, which were nationalized earlier this year.

Growing Hostility. IPC's row with Baghdad has been long simmering. A decade ago, Iraq took over some of IPC's concessions; since then it has drilled for oil with Soviet help and become increasingly hostile to the international consortium. Last year, relations were rubbed raw by a slowdown in the growth of world demand for oil. In Iraq's northern fields—the ones now nationalized—IPC cut production by 11%; but in the southern fields, nearer to Persian Gulf shipping points, it raised output by 74%. Despite the fact that Iraq's revenues rose 64% to \$909 million, the Baghdad government was miffed by the new arrangement. It insisted that the cuts in the north were IPC's retaliation for the loss of concessions a decade earlier.

Late last month, IPC presented a package of new proposals. They included "best efforts" to raise output each year until 1977, further capital investment and payment of \$263 million against various Iraqi claims. According to IPC, the government refused to discuss the offer. Its vindictive reply was nationalization.

Iraq's go-for-broke game is being watched closely in the U.S., Europe and Japan. All of them rely increasingly for their energy needs on members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Iraq is trying to persuade OPEC members in the Persian Gulf to show solidarity by limiting ex-

ports. It is unlikely to find much support. Says Amir Notaghi, a deputy minister in the Iranian government: "It is not in our interests, or in the interests of the Gulf states, to support Iraq's call for an oil blockade in the West." Even so, Iraq's militancy is another unpredictable element in the delicate negotiations between OPEC and Western oil companies over what the oil states call "participation."

OPEC is demanding an immediate 20% interest in production, and no one expects its member countries to stop at that figure. If Iraq can produce and sell oil at anything close to the former volume and price, some other OPEC members may be tempted to nationalize too. Fortunately for the West, an amicable solution still seems possible. At week's end IPC was reported to have agreed to submit the dispute to arbitration, and to refrain from any legal action while mediation is in progress.



GRAND MET'S MAXWELL JOSEPH

ENTREPRENEURS

He Wants Watney's

Europe's third biggest beer, whisky and wine company, London-based Watney Mann, has grown rapidly with the lift of a catchy slogan: "We want Watney's." Nobody takes that slogan more to heart than Maxwell Joseph, a former army lance corporal who is one of Britain's richest entrepreneurs. Joseph is chairman of Grand Metropolitan Hotels, and he wants to buy Watney's so badly he can taste it. He has made two takeover bids for the company, and the latest, due to expire this week, is worth \$1 billion of his company's securities.

Joseph's chances of gaining control heightened last week when another bidder dropped out. The Rank Organiza-

tion depends for most of its profits on its 49% ownership of Rank-Xerox, the European giant in copy machines—had offered \$1.1 billion. Some banks and mutual funds in the U.S. and Europe had bought Rank stock for the Xerox profits and feared a dilution in earnings if the company acquired Watney's. These big investors forced Rank to withdraw its bid.

Frothy Empire. By contrast, Joseph, 62, has long had a fancy for beer. Last year he won a takeover battle for the London brewing firm of Truman. His defeated opponent in that fight: Michael Webster, chairman of Watney's. The Truman shareholders got Joseph's Grand Metropolitan stock and have seen its market value rise by 160% in a year. Small wonder that Joseph claims "Watney's shareholders would be better off if there were a merger." Naturally, Watney's Webster denies that. He proudly points to Watney's size and prospects: sales last year of \$780 million and a predicted rise of 27% in earnings this year, from enterprises that range from 6,000 pubs in Britain to the distilleries that make Gilbey's gin and J. & B. Scotch.

If Joseph's past accomplishments are any guide, the Watney shareholders must find his offer tempting. Starting in 1944, he parlayed a few thousand dollars into a huge empire. He bought one hotel, then another and another. Joseph had an instinctive knack for sizing up property. "It's something that can never be taught," he says. He charged modest prices for hotel rooms, counting on high occupancy rates to turn a profit. As he puts it: "I just don't believe in charging up to the hilt." Today he controls a hotel, restaurant, food, beer and gambling network that spreads into France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Italy, Monaco and to New York (the Royal Manhattan Hotel on Eighth Avenue). Last year, on revenues of \$818 million, his Grand Metropolitan Ltd. earned \$33 million net, up 62% from the previous year.

A modest man, Joseph dislikes personal publicity so much that his photo does not even appear in Grand Met's annual report. His only boast is that he works a mere four hours a day. He delegates as much authority as possible. "I do not want to become a prisoner of wealth, weighed down by responsibility," he says. In his plentiful spare time, Joseph likes to visit the cozy pubs that he owns personally. He also reads voraciously, and has a large collection of novels with plots that are set in hotels.

There is hardly any way that his Grand Met shareholders can lose in the struggle for Watney's, even if management fights off the takeover bid. Grand Met already owns 10% of the brewer's shares and their price has soared during the fight. Says one of Joseph's old business adversaries: "That's our Max. Even if he loses, he always collects a consolation prize."

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SPORT

Duel at 19 Ft.

On a pleasant afternoon in Los Angeles last week, Bob Seagren walked out onto the track, chatted amiably with his competitors and with A.A.U. officials, and then proceeded to win the pole-vault event. His best jump of 17 ft. 4 in. was not really much of an accomplishment for Seagren; he is co-holder with Sweden's Kjell Isaksson of the world's record of 18 ft. 4 in. set in El Paso, Texas, in May. But without top competition, Seagren explains, he can't reach the psychological plateau necessary to crack 18 ft. "In practice, even when I'm trying, I can never get over 16½ ft." Lack of competition will not be a problem this summer in Munich, however. Then the 6-ft., 175-lb. Seagren meets Isaksson in an aerial duel that very likely will decide who goes home with the Olympic gold medal in the event.

Flyaway. Seagren, 25, must be conceded the edge in Munich on the strength of his 1968 Olympic victory and his amazing comeback after tearing a knee cartilage while horseback riding last summer. Running eight miles a day, including wind sprints up and down the steps of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, Seagren was back in competition by March 4, vaulting a respectable 16 ft. 6 in. at the Meet of Champions in Los Angeles.

A sometime Hollywood bit player who is married to actress Kam Nelson, Seagren reached the heights early, when, as an undergraduate at the Uni-

versity of Southern California, he shattered N.C.A.A. and world pole-vaulting records. Still, nothing that he had ever done before came close to equaling his record-breaking leap in El Paso. He gives at least partial credit for that effort to a new pole he used that day, which was developed by Herbert Jenks, a fiber-glass expert from Carson City, Nev. Seagren's pole weighs only 6 lbs. instead of the standard 6½ lbs. and has a thinner than usual cross section, which allows for a better grip. That enabled Seagren to hold the pole higher and sprint faster on his takeoff. With the combination of his new pole and tough competition, Seagren predicts, "I think we'll see 19 ft. this year."

The man who may well beat Seagren to 19 ft. is Kjell Isaksson, who is relatively unconcerned about the type of pole he uses. The wiry little (5 ft. 8 in., 145 lbs.) Swede has broken the world record three times this year with springy vaults that give him the appearance of coming off a trampoline instead of a pole. Says Seagren's former track coach, Donald Ruh: "Bob is a classic vaulter. Isaksson is more gymnastic. He makes it look almost effortless because he gets so much flyaway on top." Adds Jenks: "Bob overcomes that by being stronger, faster and taller."

Isaksson actually began his athletic career as a gymnast, bouncing away with a brace of trophies in his native Härnösand. When he was a teen-ager he moved to Stockholm. "His first day there," his mother recalls, "he asked me

if he could go to the athletic field in Sundbyberg. How could I say no? He came home later with two gold medals. He had won the high jump, and then borrowed a bamboo pole and won the pole vault."

Isaksson compensates for his lack of heft by weight lifting. Sometimes he overcompensates. In 1969 he compressed two vertebrae in his spine while lifting 220 lbs. That is why his regimen calls for Turkish massage after two-hour daily workouts. The injury also explains why he recently canceled a trip to the U.S. for an Olympic warmup match with Seagren. Off the track, Isaksson has garnered something of a reputation as a swinger, but denies having a regular girl friend. Says he: "If a guy is really in love, it's easy for him to begin to cut down on the training for the girl's sake. You think you can run 15 minutes less a day so she won't have to wait. And that isn't good."

In other words, Munich and Seagren come first.

Fat Man on the Mound

What has a pot belly, rides eight motorcycles and does nothing with its left arm but throw bullets? The answer: 6-ft., 1-in., 207-lb. Mickey Lolich, left-handed mound ace of the Detroit Tigers. Mickey explains the pot easily: "Big bellies run in my family. All the male Lolichs have them." The cycle fust and the sinister fastball derive from a childhood accident. When Lolich was a lad of three in Portland, Ore., his tricycle collided with a motorcycle, which crushed his left shoulder. Although the shoulder healed properly, the doctor gave Mickey throwing exercises to strengthen his arm. The exercises worked so well that now, at 31, Lolich is baseball's premier left-handed hurler. As for the bikes: "My mother hated motorcycles, so naturally I had to have one."

Lolich grew up contrary, but if he had not, baseball might well have made him so. For nine years he has been one of the game's outstanding pitchers. But like Lou Gehrig, who labored first in the shadow of Babe Ruth and then Joe DiMaggio, Lolich has usually seemed to be second best. He had the initial misfortune of being teamed with the Peck's Bad Boy of baseball, Denny McLain. The outstanding performance of Lolich's career—three World Series victories over the St. Louis Cardinals in 1968—was virtually lost in the glare of McLain's 31 victories that season. In 1971, Lolich won 25 games and struck out 308 batters, tops in either league. He also pitched 376 innings (the most by a major league hurler in 55 years) and threw 29 complete games (the most by an American League pitcher since 1946). So who won the 1971 Cy Young Award as the league's outstanding pitcher? Oakland's highly publicized Vida Blue.

All of which has understandably

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SWEDEN'S ISAKSSON GOES OVER



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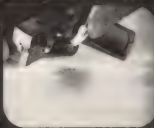


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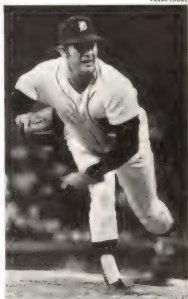
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June 1, 1972



MICKEY LOLICH PITCHING
No matinee idol.

nettled Lolich. On the eve of McLain's 30th victory in 1968, Mickey posted a sign in the Tiger clubhouse: ATTENTION WRITERS: THIS WAY TO MC LAIN'S LOCKER. As for the Cy Young Award, Lolich has gone so far as to devise a complex scoring system of his own based on the number of starts, victories, strikeouts, etc. As he points out: "The award, then, wouldn't be based on whim. Of course, the baseball writers aren't about to give up their right to be supreme judges."

Apart from his occasional feeling of neglect, Lolich is a convivial, free-wheeling sort. To the dismay of his wife and Tiger Manager Billy Martin, he often rides a motorcycle 28 miles to work from his home in the Detroit suburb of Washington. Last year, when for the first time in his career he won his 20th game, Lolich sprung for six bottles of champagne for his teammates. This season, the honors that have long eluded him are in view. McLain is in the minors, and Blue, after a lengthy holdout, has yet to win a game. Meanwhile, Lolich is bewildering American League batsmen with a repertoire of pitches that now includes a "cut fastball," a slider and a hard sinker. His victory over the California Angels last week made him the second pitcher this season to win nine games and left the Tigers a comfortable four games ahead of the Baltimore Orioles in the league's East Division.

Still, Lolich is well aware that he will never be a matinee idol. "I guess you could say I'm the redemption of the fat man," he cheerfully observes. "A guy will be watching me on TV and see that I don't look in any better shape than he is. 'Hey, Maude,' he'll holler. 'Get a load of this guy. And he's a 20-game winner.'"

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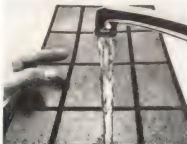
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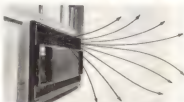
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The Late George Aply

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT
by HOWARD TEICHMANN
371 pages. Atheneum, \$10.

The large-caliber wisecrack, like the horse pistol, is part of America's past. As the Norman Mailer-Germaine Greer exchange indicated recently, the snub-nosed innuendo aimed below the belt is today's favored weapon. When quips were quips even a President of the United States could get them off. Remember the British diplomat who told Lincoln that "English gentlemen never black their own boots"? Lincoln looked up from buffing his own and replied, "Whose boots *do* you black?"

The humor of George S. Kaufman was very much in that laconic, debunk-

man." For Kaufman was the professional professional, and a sleepless craftsman who believed that plays were not written but rewritten.

How do his plays hold up? It is difficult to tell from reading them. The right actors, stage business and timing are essential to their success. In Kaufman's offstage humor there is the persistent delight of his famous pun. "One man's Mede is another man's Persian." But there is also an unleavened cruelty. After one of Dorothy Parker's unsuccessful suicide attempts, he remarked, "Dorothy, you've got to be careful. Next time you might hurt yourself."

The fear of death and disease often underlay the Kaufman style. Son of an overprotective mother whose first boy died in infancy, Kaufman grew up to be a devout hypochondriac. He ate out

when portions of the actress's private journal found their way into the newspapers. Like a schoolgirl she gushed about "many exquisite moments . . . 20—count them, diary, 20 . . . I don't see how he does it . . . He is perfect." Newspapers labeled Kaufman Public Lover No. 1. Kaufman found himself fleeing from reporters and subpoenas like someone in a Marx Brothers farce.

The real humiliation fell on Kaufman's wife Bea. Herself a sharp wit, she remained Kaufman's best friend in a sisterly marriage until her death at 50 in 1945. "Young actresses," she told the press, "are an occupational hazard for any man working in the theater."

The public got its only closeup of Kaufman in the late '40s and early '50s when he was a TV panelist on *This Is Show Business*. With his eyes peering disapprovingly over the rim of his glasses, he played his own favorite character, the Old Curmudgeon. His last days before his death in 1961 at the age of 71 were pathetic. Arteriosclerosis reduced the blood supply to his brain. The once controlled wit turned into uncontrolled morbid hallucinations. Yet flashes of "Mr. Kaufman" remained. Bedridden and unable to turn off a radio that was blaring tunes by request, he reached for his bedside phone, dialed the disk jockey and asked for five minutes of silence.

■ R.Z. Sheppard



GEORGE S. KAUFMAN AFTER WINNING HIS SECOND PULITZER PRIZE IN 1937
There once was a girl in his soup.

ing vein. In fact, Kaufman, a lanky ribbon salesman from Pittsburgh who became the most successful Broadway playwright of his time, attended costume balls as the 16th President. In later years, possibly touchy about being mistaken for Raymond Massey, he remarked that the actor would not be satisfied until he was assassinated.

One simply could not make a joke like that today and expect a laugh. Humor, like so much else, has been overwhelmed by events. A witticism has its moments; a context, a gesture, a silence present themselves and move on. So it is not too disappointing to find that many of Kaufman's best lines have gone flat, despite Howard Teichmann's efforts to freshen them. In 1952 Teichmann collaborated with Kaufman in the writing of one of Kaufman's last plays, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. He was late in a line of distinguished collaborators who included Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber and Moss Hart. Teichmann approaches his subject with enormous respect. He usually addressed Kaufman as "Mr. Kauf-

man" nearly every day of his life; he hated casual human contact and touching doorknobs. One of his many mistresses recalls that when she once innocently tasted his soup in a restaurant, Kaufman promptly ordered another bowl. When she asked him how he could kiss her, Kaufman replied, "Well, Miss S., your tasting my soup was one kind of risk. My kissing you was another. Let's concentrate on the second."

By that time, Kaufman was a rich, famous author-collaborator of more than two dozen comedies and musicals, including *You Can't Take It With You*, *Of Thee I Sing* and *Silk Stockings*. His career as a critic, playwright and director spanned nearly 40 years, and his influence was enormous. Brooks Atkinson credited Kaufman with making the wisecrack part of our language. Groucho Marx claimed that "Kaufman gave me the walk and the talk."

According to many women, he was hardly an amateur in the bedroom. His most famous affair was with Mary Astor. In 1934 it broke as a national scan-

Private Faces

THE EDUCATION OF EDWARD KENNEDY
by BURTON HERSH
510 pages. Morrow, \$10.95.

In a campaign year cluttered with political biographies, as well as rehashes of the Kennedy years, this overweight volume might have been passed by. But the clawing among Democratic candidates for the presidency, and then the shooting of Governor Wallace, have brought the Kennedy tragedy to mind, along with the role that Edward Kennedy may yet play at next month's convention.

The author, a sometime novelist and freelancer, is unusually sensitive about both the Senator's political and personal history. He is also a rather flamboyantly bad writer, a reporter who demands equal time for his metaphors and his research. He uses unprecedented candor in dealing with his vulnerable subject, going into Kennedy's drinking and domestic troubles along with his congressional achievements. For his part, the Senator cooperated, granting access to his office and his friends—a course of action that in the long run will probably be no more politically damaging than diving into Poucha Pond encased in an Oldsmobile.

It is generally agreed that the post-Chappaquiddick Edward Kennedy is an even more effective and increasingly powerful Senate liberal. He is also conceded to be the best natural politician of

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BOOKS

the whole remarkable clan—less remote than Jack, far less abrasive than Bobby, and with an unfettered, spontaneous brio all his own. Hersh quotes a family friend as saying that Jack "went weak with pleasure" watching his young brother press flesh with the public.

Ted's political lessons were learned in Jack's campaigns, and later in his own quest for a Massachusetts Senate seat. Hersh savors the local pols who were momentarily crucial to Kennedy. Their quaint political world was to achieve national prominence during the Senator's unfortunate 1964 attempt to get Family Retainer Francis X. Morrissey confirmed as a federal judge. That whole public pratfall—the admission of double legal residences and nonexistent law courses—is played out here, but Hersh can offer no real explanation for it beyond misplaced family piety.

Indeed, Ted Kennedy's story sometimes seems to be a race between slowly advancing maturity and onrushing disaster. When Jack was killed, it fell to Ted to tell their paralyzed father. It took him a day to bring himself to do it, as it did later to report the accident at Chappaquiddick. The most crushing tragedy, of course, was Robert Kennedy's death. Hersh points to the "strain of rather unusual male tenderness, a kind of unabashed motherliness that crops up among Kennedy men." As the youngest child, Ted loved "high jinks and excited fun and a good many drinks sometimes." His secretary notes that the long hospital stay after his own near-fatal plane crash was the first time in his life that Ted was truly alone.

Shifting Moods. Hersh's account of Chappaquiddick is persuasive because he precedes it with the kind of information seldom found in biographies of living public figures. For months, observers noted that Ted Kennedy had a "tendency to stop in mid-sentence, shift moods inexplicably, break into unexpected tears." He was remote from the wife Joan who began drinking too, according to Hersh. His driving, always wild, became frightening. On a flight home from Alaska, where he had gone to continue Bobby's campaign on behalf of the state's Indians, he was exhausted, wild and drinking out of control.

The cookout on Chappaquiddick was another night heavy with Bobby's memory and probably unbearable to Ted. Hersh dismisses any notion of sexual attraction between Kennedy and Mary Jo Kopechne, ungallantly noting that she was "pastier and tougher" than her pictures, and adding that Ted knew plenty of "pushovers"—which Mary Jo was not. He thinks that the Senator simply "had to leave and go someplace" and that Mary Jo's appeal was that she knew Bobby well. Afterward Kennedy was apparently mentally paralyzed. Rather than face the prospect of telling the truth to the Kopechnes or his own family, he retreated into thinking that somehow or other Mary Jo might have survived. Indeed, the inescapable



KENNEDY EXPLAINING CHAPPAQUIDDICK
The best natural politician.

conclusion of Hersh's account is that, whatever his other qualities, Kennedy does not handle extreme pressure well.

Hersh's method in telling his story is an odd mix of strength and weakness. Repeated phrases and italicized words, probably borrowed from Tom Wolfe's more effective style, are intended to heighten situations that hardly need it, but succeed only in cheapening the narrative. On the other hand, Hersh does not resort to innuendo, gossip or ambiguous anecdote. The value of his book is that it combines public events with relevant private material.

One aftermath of Chappaquiddick may be a trend toward revealing more about how politicians actually live. A lot of exhibitionistic prose could result—as well as some curtailed after-hours life in the nation's capital.

—Martha Duffy

Loose Ends

THE CONFESSION OF A CHILD OF THE CENTURY
by THOMAS ROGERS
377 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

Here, as in his fine first novel, *The Pursuit of Happiness*, Thomas Rogers deals in blessed innocence. Problems and difficulties exist for Samuel Heather, Rogers' "child of the century." But so miraculously facile solutions. Happiness does not depend on the sweaty pursuit of knowledge. Heather simply acquires his erudition and wisdom from Rogers, a professor of English at Penn State, and wears it with casual eccentricity. Scenes, values and fortunes change as easily as channels on a TV set remotely controlled from a comfortable couch.

Heather's first switch occurs when he is tossed out of Harvard for exploding a stick of dynamite. He enlists in the Army, thus postponing a showdown with his father, an Episcopal bishop. One of the many sweet insights that Heather offers about his parental problems is that he had a sibling rivalry with

Jesus Christ. The time is 1950, and before Heather can make sense out of the Korean War, he is in an enemy prison camp. For reasons that have nothing to do with brainwashing, he chooses to defect to Red China, where he goes hamboogie by marrying a pretty Maoist. Aesthetics, not politics, is Heather's thing. Dialectical materialism and the concept of the Holy Trinity appeal to him for their poetic tensions.

Before long, he is returned with his wife to the U.S., where he continues to back into happiness. First Heather clips Chinese newspapers for the CIA. Next he writes successful spy novels. After a personal revelation from God on the Paris Métro, he sits down to concoct his autobiography. It is the very novel one has been reading. He calls it a "comical-historical-pastoral," which echoes Hamlet but excuses a great many loose ends. It also gives Rogers, a crafty, winsome novelist, the freedom essential to the telling of a shaggy God story. —R.Z.S.

"Murder One"

THE MUGGING
by MORTON HUNT
488 pages. Atheneum. \$10.

Breathing hard, a shabby old man climbed two flights to his flat in a Bronx slum. As he turned the key, he heard behind him a sudden pummel of racing feet. When he began to shout, somebody struck him powerfully five times in the left side with a knife, and as he fell to the floor of his kitchen, a flesh-colored hearing aid popped out of his ear and landed close to his face.

The end of Alexander Helmer is the beginning of this remarkable study of crime and punishment in the U.S., 1964-72. The book has been minutely researched, gravely considered and artfully composed for maximum popular effect. To typify an era of ghetto violence, Author Morton Hunt (*The Affair*) aptly takes as his central instance the commonest of ghetto crimes, an actual attack performed by a gang of teenage drug addicts on Oct. 9, 1964.

Helmer's body was not discovered for nine days. There were no clues. But eventually a police informer fingers four young Puerto Ricans, three of them drug addicts and the fourth a juvenile sex offender. Later, the two detectives assigned to the case earnestly insist that the boys were merely "questioned." The boys just as earnestly insist that they were punched, kicked in the groin and stifled with ammonia-soaked rags.

Whatever happened, one night of it persuaded Alfredo Ortiz, 18, and Carlos Ortiz, 17, to sign confessions. Doel Valencia, 19, repudiated his statement in the morning. The actual killing, the confessions said, was done by Angel Walker. But Angel, a one-armed ex-boxer, was too smart to talk. A grand jury found insufficient evidence to indict him. The others spent five months in jail before their day in court. Author

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One of the Report's findings was that, among the more than 95 million drinkers in the nation, "An estimated 5 percent of the adult population in the United States manifest the behaviors of alcohol abuse and alcoholism."

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BOOKS

Hunt describes the trial as a morose circus. The prosecutor is a plodding Percheron pitted against a couple of clownish counsels for the defense. One of them addresses the jury: "I leave this with you, and I know that when you consider this case from all of its aspects, every part of the statements, and the beatings, and the lack of will, and lack of intellect—do you think that these boys, lacking practically any education (that's another item to be considered by you)—I say that the resistance here was overcome by force!"

Carnival of Lies. The jury is a careful selection of incompetents and the testimony a carnival of lies. The accused lies. The police lie. Even the prosecutor lies indirectly by concealing vital evidence that favors the defendants. After two days of wrangling, the jury fails to reach a verdict. A year passes, twelve more expensive months in jail, and the defendants come to trial again. The new lawyers are a bit better, but the new judge is a lot worse. The jury sets Valencia free but convicts the Ortiz brothers of "Murder One" (first degree murder), a charge that carries a mandatory life sentence in New York State.

Misarrangement of justice? Not necessarily, in Hunt's opinion. Having exposed some of the makeweights in the scales of justice, he comes strongly to the defense of the U.S. legal system. "The worst thing about our system," he concludes, "is its dreadful inefficiency." The best thing? The idea that it is "better to let ten guilty men go free than to convict one innocent man."

Hunt is less enthusiastic about the U.S. penal system. Even the best prisons, he says, "force the prisoner to be infantile and dependent." Nevertheless, in the most moving pages of the book, Hunt describes how life in prison helps Alfredo Ortiz to rescue the life he has practically lost. Alfredo, an undernourished runt who at 19 weighs 99 lbs. and has a verbal IQ of 85, enrolls in prison school and pulls himself up in only a year from fifth-grade level to a high school diploma. He goes on to become a first-rate jailhouse lawyer, fighting his case from appeal to appeal. As the book ends, Alfredo's latest petition for a retrial, which has gathered dust for more than a year on the desk of a New York judge, is at last read and approved. "It is a task to retain self-respect," Alfredo writes grimly, "when you are required to be a participant in man's game of inhumanity." It is a game, Hunt suggests, that 200 million can play. •Brad Darrach

Alone at Last

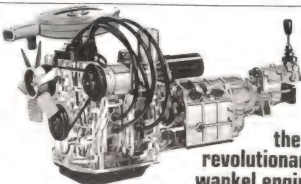
THE GODFORGOTTEN

by GLADYS SCHMITT

312 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

\$6.95.

The *Godforgotten* are the nuns and monks of St. Cypryan, as Novelist Schmitt calls her island, and it seems that God forgot them—or so they



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BOOKS

thought—in A.D. 997. In those years just before 1000, theologians were predicting the imminent Second Coming of Jesus Christ: with the end of the millennium would come the end of the world followed by the Last Judgment with infinities of sinners standing naked before the Lord. When an earthquake and tidal wave struck, washing away St. Cyprian's connection with the mainland, its people simply supposed that God had emptied the rest of the world, forgetting the survivors on St. Cyprian like so many grains of salt in an empty bag.

One century later, enter Father Albrecht of Cologne, a desiccated Benedictine monk, sent by Rome to restore to the church whatever wayward children he may find on the island. Somehow it all works. Part of the merit is in Author Schmitt's economy of words (her description of 11th century Christendom: "Purified to small purpose at great cost"). Part of it, too, is the tantalizing, gradually unfolded history of marooned St. Cyprian: the early, apocalyptic piety, the later license, the hallucinogenic crops, the bloody rage. And finally the second cataclysm: the shock of realization and rebirth when Father Albrecht arrives with the news that the outside world exists after all.

If books could be read where they might most be enjoyed, this one would be saved for a bleak day at Mont-St-Michel, with the high tide rolling gray against the rocks and Gregorian chant echoing in the mind.

■ Maya Mohs

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Ward, Wallace (1 last week)
- 2—The Winds of War, Wouk (3)
- 3—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (2)
- 4—The Tenth Man, Crichton (6)
- 5—My Name Is Asher Lev, Potok (4)
- 6—The Exorcist, Blatty (5)
- 7—The Blue Knight, Wambaugh (9)
- 8—11 Harrowhouse, Browne (7)
- 9—The Assassins, Kazan (10)
- 10—The Friends of Eddie Coyle, Higgins (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Game of the Foxes, Foray (2)
- 2—The Boys of Summer, Kahn (1)
- 3—A World Beyond, Montgomery (4)
- 4—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (3)
- 5—Open Marriage, Nena & George O'Neill (5)
- 6—The Washington Pay-Off, Winterberger (6)
- 7—The Savage God, Alvarez (8)
- 8—Report from Engine Co. 82, Smith (10)
- 9—O Jerusalem, Collins & Lapierre
- 10—The Truth About Weight Control, Dr. Neil Salomon with Sally Sheppard (9)

A Wet Scenario

Darwin was a male chauvinist; modern theories of evolution are speculative and sexist, and treat women as mere "satellites" of men. That, simply stated, is the opinion of Author Elaine Morgan. Armed with a vivid imagination and a healthy supply of female chauvinism, she has developed a theory that is even more speculative and sexist than those she decries. In *The Descent of Woman* (Stein & Day; \$7.95), Author Morgan proposes that many of mankind's current physical and behavioral characteristics developed during a period when prehuman apes spent much of their time on sandy shores and in neck-high waters. Led by females, she says, the apes abandoned the drying forests, found life on the open plains too threatening and took to the ocean, where they lived for ten million years before resuming a land-based way of life.

Fighting Canines. Elaine Morgan's scientific credentials do not quite measure up to those of, say, Charles Darwin. A 51-year-old mother of three children who lives in Mountain Ash, Wales, she earned an Oxford degree in English and gleaned most of her information about science "from reading books." Two men in particular inspired her. The first was Amateur Ethologist Robert Ardrey, the failed but imaginative playwright whose views she now rejects. The second was Oxford Zoologist Sir Alister Hardy, an authority on plankton who thought up a nonsexist version of aquatic evolution about a dozen years ago.

The flight of man's ancestors to the sea became inevitable, Morgan says,

when "torrid heat waves began to scorch the African continent," killing off the trees and drying up the food supply. At the time, things were even tougher for the female than for the male: "She had a greedy and hectoring mate," she lacked his "fighting canines" (teeth, not dogs) to fend off enemies, "she was hampered by a clinging infant," and when chased by a carnivorous cat, she "found there was no tree she could run up to escape." She "loathed getting her feet wet," but "when your homeland's turning into an inferno, the seaside's not at all a bad place to be."

It was in the sea, Morgan states, that the prehuman female began to walk on two feet instead of four to keep her head above water. It was also there that she—and not, as some theorists would have it, the male—became the first to use implements purposefully. Envy the male's dagger-like fangs that he could use to crunch through shells, she picked up a pebble and managed to crack a shell with it. "She tried it again, and it worked every time. So she became a tool user, and the male watched her and imitated her."

Morgan particularly bristles at one suggestion of male writers: that the anatomical changes in females during the transition from ape to woman came about largely to make females sexier. "All these things they write down as erogenous zones developed purely for functional purposes," she asserts. On the seashore, a well-padded underside is comfortable for sitting. In the water, body hair is a nuisance and disappears from most areas. But hair on mother's head is convenient for an infant to grab a hold of. "If the hair floated around her for a yard or so, he wouldn't have to make so accurate a beeline in swimming toward her when he wanted to rest." The infant's gustatory needs are responsible for the female's large breasts; what a baby needs, and therefore gets in the natural course of evolution, is "two lovely pendulous doliology breasts, as easy to hold onto as a bottle."

Longer Penis. Morgan dauntlessly tackles the questions that interest and titillate most amateur and professional anthropologists: Why did human beings adopt face-to-face sex? And why did the human male develop the largest penis of any primate? In both cases, she maintains, convenience rather than pleasure was the decisive factor. Although an ape's vagina is easily accessible from the rear, the human vagina has moved forward and is "tidily tucked away" deep in the body, "possibly for protection against salt water and abrasive sand." Man's penis thus "grew longer for the same reason as the giraffe's neck—to enable it to reach something otherwise inaccessible." The male "came around to the front because he could



AMATEUR SCIENTIST ELAINE MORGAN
The male watched and imitated.

no longer make it from the back."

These fanciful notions are not put-ons, Author Morgan says, and she insists: "I am deadly in earnest." But scientists find it easy to demolish her ideas. Physical Anthropologist Ian Tattersall of the American Museum of Natural History notes, for example, that *Homo sapiens* never made any of the physical adaptations for swimming and "breathing" under water that are exhibited by true aquatic mammals. In fact, in refuting Hardy's aquatic theory, scientists have pointed to ample proof that man has been a land-based creature for the past 15 million years or so. Furthermore, Tattersall notes, there is no evidence whatsoever that male apes possessed large canine teeth while females did not.

Nonetheless, *The Descent of Woman* has already achieved a distinction of sorts: it has replaced another largely fictional work—Clifford Irving's discredited biography of Howard Hughes—as the Book-of-the-Month Club's June selection.

Big Brother Is Listening

It could change forever the relationships between husbands and wives, witnesses and juries, political leaders and voters, businessmen and customers. It could sharply reduce the output of talk all over by making everyone think twice before speaking. It could also bring closer the Orwellian society of 1984. The remarkable but ominous device that might cause these changes is the P.S.E. (for Psychological Stress Evaluator) which, its inventors believe, can use voice recordings to detect lies without the cooperation or even the presence of the speaker.

The new lie detector is a creation of Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc. of Springfield, Va. It uses an ordinary tape recording of a voice on radio or TV or in any of the numerous settings where lies may be told: in a police station, perhaps, at a press conference, on the speaker's platform



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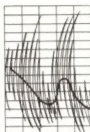
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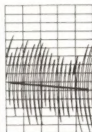
BEHAVIOR

at a political meeting, or in the bedroom of a married—or unmarried—couple. The tape is fed into a machine that measures muscular microtremors in the voice, faint quivers that come from the muscles in the voice box and cause slight changes in pitch. Changes are not detectable by ear, but they can be traced on a chart by a pen linked to the machine. It is the capacity to detect and reproduce these tremors—apparently produced by the freely undulating throat muscles of a relaxed speaker—that gives the P.S.E. its awesome powers. For the throat muscles of a person under stress are so tense that they produce practically no microtremors.

Government intelligence agencies have already bought four of the machines (at \$3,200 each), allegedly for testing purposes only. Also, by agreement of prosecution and defense, the



UNSTRESSED



STRESSED

Up-and-down pattern of voice tape at left shows tremors and suggests that speaker is telling truth. Squared pattern indicates anxiety and possible lie.

P.S.E. has been used in four Maryland court cases. In three, negative findings by the device led to dropping one murder and two bad-check charges; in the fourth case, a positive report ensured conviction in a shoplifting incident. In addition, Dektor reports that it has monitored the TV program *To Tell the Truth* and been 94.7% successful in finding out who the truth tellers really were.

P.S.E.'s reliability still has not been proved. No independent agency has double checked the company's TV experiment. Moreover, some lie detector experts caution that the weakness of the stress evaluator may lie in its dependence on a single measure of bodily function (the polygraph, or conventional lie detector, records several: pulse rate, blood pressure, respiration and sweat-gland activity). Besides, experts agree that although both the old and new devices can spot stress, neither can prove absolutely that the stress results from lying. The most serious objection to the P.S.E. is ethical. As the company itself suggests, the machine can be used covertly, thus invading the privacy to which, presumably, even liars are entitled.

MILESTONES

Married. David Brinkley, 51, the puckish half of NBC's Huntley-Brinkley team for 14 years and now the network's star commentator; and Susan Benfer Adolph, 32; both for the second time; in Virginia.

Married. Frank ("The Fordham Flash") Frisch, 74, Hall of Fame second baseman, player-manager for the St. Louis Cardinals of the '30s, and later broadcaster for the Boston Braves and New York Giants; and Schoolteacher Augusta Kass, 64; both for the second time; in Narragansett, R.I.

Died. Charles ("Chick") Ireland, 51, president since last October of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.; of an apparent heart attack; in Chappaqua, N.Y. Amiable but hard-driving, Ireland directed the Allegheny Corp.'s long and complicated proxy battles of the '50s. In 1968, he joined ITT, where he oversaw the operation of Avis, Sheraton hotels and several of the conglomerate's other subsidiaries. Ireland professed to know little about broadcasting, but CBS hired him last year to bring fresh talent to the network's top echelon in a period of sagging revenues.

Died. Ken W. Purdy, 59, automobile expert, magazine editor and prolific freelance writer; by his own hand (gun); in Wilton, Conn. During World War II, Purdy edited *Victory*, the Government bimonthly sent overseas to more than a million subscribers. He then became editor of the Sunday supplement *Parade*, *True* and later *Argo*. The purchase of a British Standard in 1946 aroused Purdy's interest in antique, classic and sports cars, and led to scores of stories (including more than 65 for *Playboy*) and eight books.

Died. Jimmy Rushing, 68, blues singer, whose high-pitched vocalizing was featured by the Count Basie band and other groups for 47 years; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. While his urgent style popularized songs like *Good Mornin' Blues* and *Goin' to Chicago*, Rushing's bulky frame inspired his theme, *Mr. Five by Five*.

Died. Helen G. Bonfils, 82, board chairman of the *Denver Post*, sometime actress and patron of the theater; in Denver. The younger daughter of Frederick G. Bonfils, colorful co-owner of the *Post* with Harry Tammen, "Miss Helen" was proprietor and principal stockholder of the largest and most important paper in the Rocky Mountain states for nearly four decades. She took time out from her publishing duties occasionally for appearances on the Denver and New York stages, but her more important theatrical role was that of an angel and producer.

"Mountain hopping, it's sort of the jet age answer to mountain climbing."



"All you need is a rocket pack, a pretty assistant—and you're ready to hop your first mountain. Our take-off

point, Cheakamus Canyon, in the Tantalus Mountains of British Columbia. Susan makes a last-minute check, setting her stopwatch to my fuel gauge. Now the last and most important piece of equipment—my radio helmet. Without it, Susan can't signal me to land when my fuel starts getting low.



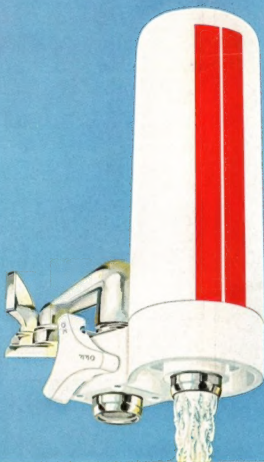
"3...2...1. Varoom! Suddenly I was skyward. I felt like a giant bird who could soar to the top of any mountain. All I could think of was... next hop Mt. Everest.



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